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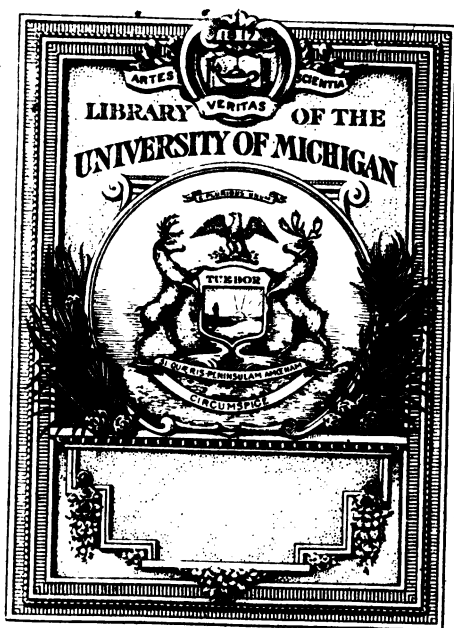
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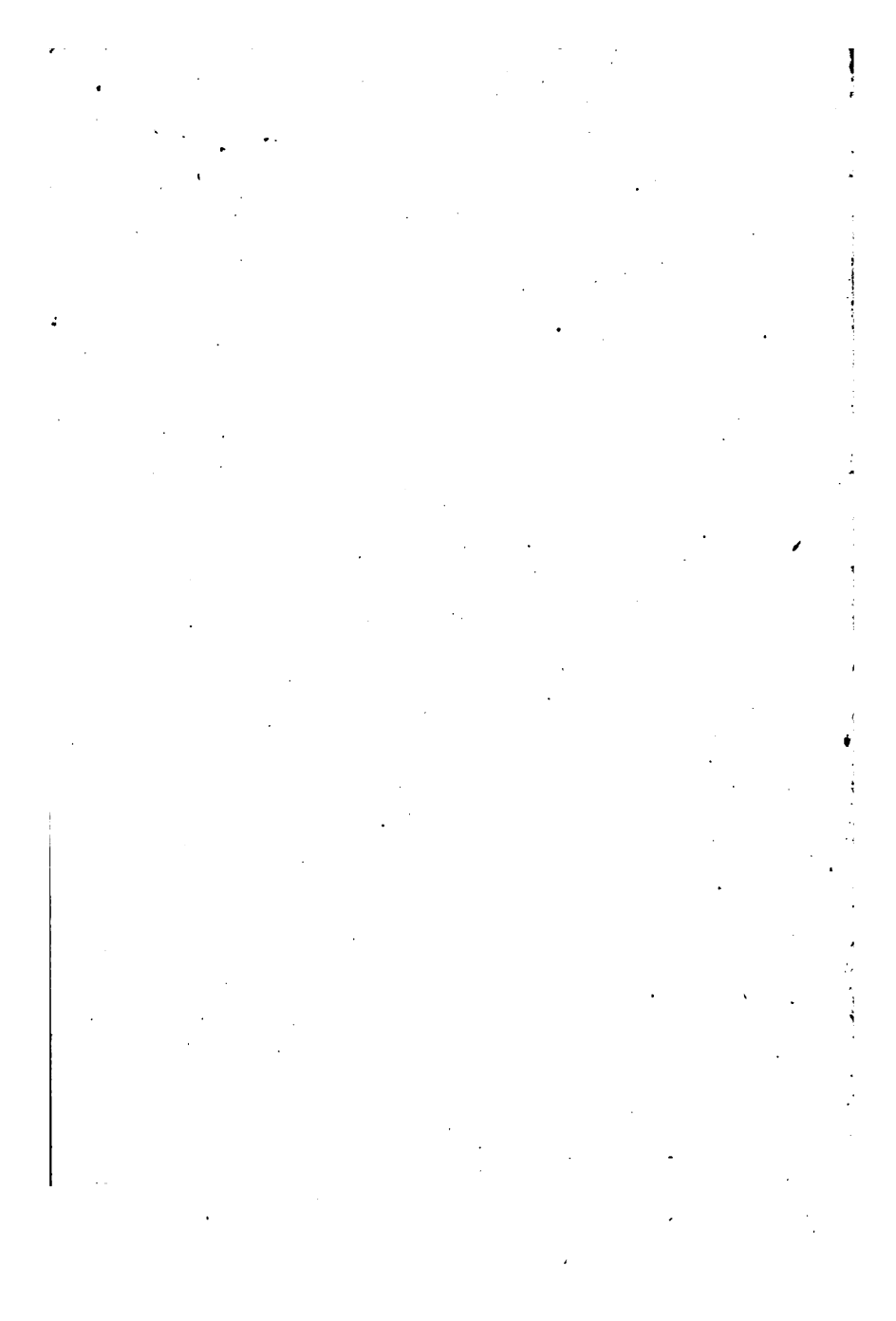
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Thomas Dawes

"Stories from an Old Dutch Town," lately issued by Roberts Brothers, has been warmly welcomed by the reading public. The Lowell genius revindicates itself in these charming and fragrant stories of the Schenectady professor, already famous as a breeder of good books. The stories are out of that old provincial Dutch life of rural New York, now almost passed, but which in its day was full of a rugged, boisterous heartiness and roundness of good-fellowship beneath, a somewhat sleepy, ponderous exterior, the memory of all which is still fondly cherished by a posterity which plays out its play of life in quite different fashion on the old homesteads, and reverences the ancestral ashes which repose under the long grasses in wayside God's-acres by the Mohawk and the Hudson. Except Irving, there is no man who has given us more quaint and vivid pictures of this old-time life. The figures are such as one may find in Tenier's paintings, and, maugre his coarseness, Mr. Lowell reminds us in many ways of that artist's fidelity in detail and color. From the rollicking gang of negroes afield and afoot in the Whitsuntide merry-makings, up to the portly gravity of the burgomaster, and the drunken bustle of the sorry sheriff, both drawing and color are minutely pre-Raphaelite and clean cut. One finds also, as in the story of "Abram Van Zandt, the Man in the Picture," traces of a weird metaphysical analysis of human nature which reminds us of some things in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." In his passages descriptive of natural scenery there is a sincerity and fidelity of touch which paints not surfaces, but bodies. We smell his violets and clover heads, hear the pattering of his rain and feel its humid atmosphere, though on a Dutch stoop, and grow warm in the sunshine that speers down into the Dutch gardens from over the eastern hills. In the use of clear, clean words, with an aromatic odor to them as of thyme and rosemary out of old chests of English oak, no man is Mr. Lowell's master, as witness this musical "Foreword at the Reader's House Door":

"From out the deep chill night
That holdeth hill and dale and late-thronged
street,

I follow to this light,
And with my kindly minstrel tongue these inmates greet.

I bring you song to sing and tale to tell,
Pray you this door undo and use me well,
Send me not hence tonight, where is no kin;
This door undo, for love, and take me in!"

A STORY OR TWO

FROM

An Old Dutch Town.

Francis & Taylor
BY ROBERT LOWELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW PRIEST IN CONCEPTION BAY," "ANTONY
BRADE," "POEMS," ETC.

"Poeta, cum primum animum ad scribendum appulit,
Id sibi negoti credidit solum dari,
Populo ut placerent quas fecisset fabulas."

Ter. And. Proh. 1-3.

"Soo sullen wy sien wat van sijne droomen worden sal."

Verhaal van Josephs Droomen.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1878.



Copyright, 1878,
BY ROBERTS BROTHERS.



Cambridge:
Press of John Wilson & Son.

TO
ONE ALWAYS LOVED AND HONORED,
WHO REMAINS ALMOST ALONE, HERE, OF THE ELDER FRIENDS
LOVED AND HONORED, LONG YEARS AGONE,
THE WIFE OF PROFESSOR ISAAC JACKSON,

This Little Book is offered.

SCHENECTADY, Aug. 20, 1878.

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Foreword, at the Reader's House-door.

*From out the deep, chill Night
That holdeth Hill and Dale and late-thronged Street,
I follow to this Light,
And, with my kindly Minstrel-Tongue, these Inmates
greet.*

*I bring you Song to sing, and Tale to tell:
Pray you, this Door undo, and use me well.
Send me not hence to Night where is no Kin:
This Door undo, for Love, and take me in!*

STORIES FROM A DUTCH TOWN.

*ἔμοι δὲ, θαυμάσαι
θεῶν τελεσάντων οὐδέν ποτε φαίνεται
ἔμμεν ἄπιστον.*

Pind. P. x. 48.

IN any town two hundred years old, even in America, if the town has stayed comfortably small, and business and trade and the stirring young men have gone by it, and even out of it, rather than into it and over it, there may be found by any good eyes, this day, old ways handed down along with old houses and tables and chairs and bedsteads and iron-ware, silver, china, and delft-ware, ay, and along with old stories, also.

Of this sort is the good town of Westenvliet, (as it is called now), which had a name half as long again once, it is said, in "Westenveldevliet," of which the easy-going citizens, after being in the habit of dropping several syllables every time they used it, at length left two

altogether behind, and made it what it is. As the name implies, the town is of Dutch origin, and has grown only as a tree grows, in happy quiet; a little larger, from year to year, but keeping much its old shape and its old bent. Many seeds from it, blown by chance winds or carried by birds of passage, have taken root elsewhere. A glimpse of these stay-still streets and people were worth a journey for dwellers in prosy, hammering, brick-chipping, heels-over-head places.

The town, a half-hundred years ago, had a few of its old houses left, and a good many of its old things and old ways. Very likely many more of the buildings of other times would have been standing, but that the owners thought too long, and were too deliberate, about putting their hands to mending; and so, when at length they had made up their minds that a new roof was needed, and new siding, they found to their slow astonishment that rafters and beams and sills were rotted. By that time, they had got down into another generation; and so, if they did not pull the whole thing down and build comfortably up, from the bottom, what should be just like the rest of the world, as they

saw it, they at least put on an outside that should hide whatever was old-fashioned. So it was that of all things there came some frightful flat roofs, and other ill-shaped house-tops, and still more of observatories, which, if never used for seeing, could be seen a good way off.

Fifty years ago, the streets were mostly where they had been for two hundred years before, and had changed only in that slow and steady putting up and slow and steady renewing of houses. So, in some places, a little decrepit building of the last century, or the century before, was squeezed from each side by a big neighbor of the day, like a battered, little citizen arm in arm with two burly, great fellows, and with the sharp covering to its head reaching up to their shoulders. Sometimes an old house would seem half-crushed, in its single, upright story, by its long, hobbly, moss-specked roof, opened by dormer-windows, unevenly set as a flounder's eyes. Of these Fort Street had its full share, fifty years ago; and of that time is our first story.



ABRAM VAN ZANDT,
THE MAN IN THE PICTURE.

Come immagin talor d' immensa mole,
Forman nubi nell' aria e poco dura.

TASSO, *Ger. Lib.*, C. xvi. S. lxi.

IT was in a low house, with a long, mouldy roof, between two taller neighbors, that old Abram Van Zandt, a queer-looking little man, with a large nosé, and great hands and feet, and shoulders up to his ears, lived and carried on his business, together with his big, broad, comfortable-looking wife, Laney, — christened, doubtless, Helena, — an orphan-grand-daughter, and an underwitted apprentice. A wooden awning over the whole sidewalk in front of his shop prevented one, on that side of the street, from knowing that the house was not as high as the highest; and gave to children and others a pleasant chance to look leisurely on the vegetables outside his windows, or the cakes and loaves within.

On a June morning, that bade fair to become a melting hot day to the people of two generations back, Mistress Van Zandt had been recommending to a grave, respectable-looking, neatly dressed gentleman her radishes and young onions, while her husband, in another room, with his back turned, seemed so busy with washing or wiping a large square board, as not to hear any thing that was said.

"What's Brankin about, pray?" asked the customer, a little curiously, at last, having made his purchases. "I never saw him, yet, when he wasn't at hand to say that his lettuce was the best that ever grew, and his asparagus worth its weight in silver."

The wife smiled, looking over her shoulder at Van Zandt, and said that "it was some kind of a painting he'd had given to him, or otherwise willed to him, by Peter Styvart, when he died."

The gentleman looked at the busy Van Zandt for a moment, and was moving away without asking further question, when he was stopped by this address of the little man himself, who turned round with his wet cloth in one hand

and the board, now bright with the water, held up by the other:—

“You’re right there, Doem’nie, any how. Now them sparrowgrass can’t be beat, and there’s no use talking. I don’t care what this here Job Fox from the Vlei” *—

At this name, the wife, who was sitting comfortably, shrugged her good-natured shoulders. The Dominie, recalling perhaps from experience the great longsomeness of the baker and huckster when fairly started upon a favorite subject, or valuing time more highly than Van Zandt showed himself inclined to value it, broke in,—

“That looks like a handsome bit of painting, neighbor Van Zandt; and, it seems to me, you are handling it a little roughly, mopping it off with that coarse dish-towel.”

In truth, although the picture had been growing less bright as the short-lived wetting dried away, there were in it some striking beauties of cloud and leafage and water, and some such rich colors of dress, that it was only well and

* Flow-land.

timely, in behalf of good art, for one who could see to interfere with a caution against rough handling.

"What's the odds between paint on one board and paint on another board?" asked Van Zandt. "Washing don't hurt house-paint. But suppose you just take it and look at it yourself, Doem'nie." He handed it out. "I wish you would. I shouldn't wonder but you could find out why 'twas give to me."

The wife laughed as the picture was put into the customer's hands with these words; and the speaker looked over to her with a grim smile upon his face. "I shouldn't wonder but he could," she said.

"Now, to speak it plain, Doem'nie Van Emerle, just like he spoke it himself, and not meaning harm, he said he gave it to me 'because there was a little ugly tailor-devil down in the corner, — that I was just him over again.' Now there's just the words he said, and I can't make out no such person in it."

At this moment, a lad, who either had just come or had kept himself out of sight, sud-

denly thrust himself forward, and with a grin stretched his arm straight to the picture and set his finger upon one spot in it as swiftly and surely as a bird swoops upon a fish.

"That's him!" he said, letting his arm fall as quickly as he had thrust it out.

Abram Van Zandt was not disposed to encourage uninvited suggestions of this sort. He put forth legitimate authority.

"You! Sam Roedeke! speak when you're spoken to. Go and take that fish-kag — mind you, that fish-kag — and file * that fish-kag clean out. The woman'll give you a file, or Patsy. — Now!"

The wife set off, as if to see that the lad went about his task, but lingered, as she went, to take a further share in the talk about the picture.

"He doesn't think he's quite so bad-looking as what that makes him out," she said, smiling a little roguishly.

Mr. Van Emerle smiled too; for at the very spot on which the underwitted lad had set his

* Scrub, or scour, with a cloth ("file").

finger was clearly to be seen an odd-looking little Dutchman, not unlike — indeed very like — Van Zandt. Now that the baker and vegetable-seller had resorted, for comfort and inspiration, to his pipe, the likeness was the more striking. The dress was by no means the same ; for the painted man wore a bright red jerkin or doublet and brown small-clothes and gray stockings, against the modern man's dark brown, ill-fitting coat and trousers ; but there was the same great nose with the same small eyes, the short neck and hunched shoulders, the same big hands and feet. Add now to Van Zandt the misshapen old hat, which he was scarcely ever (if ever) without, indoors or outdoors ; and although the crown in the picture was a cut-off peak (or truncated cone, to satisfy-men of nice speech) and the living man's was a shortish cylinder, and although the Westenvliet head-gear could not quite match in its rim the broad flaps which came down over back and shoulders of the prototype in the painting, yet so overcoming was the likeness in general outlandishness and ugliness that Dominie Van

Emerle's smile became, before he thought (which was only a moment), a laugh of surprise.

"Grampa isn't there at all," said a pleasant young voice, as a slight, pretty girl of sixteen or seventeen bright summers and merry winters came in and took the place of the grandmother. "It's all nonsense, isn't it, Mr. Van Emerle?"

The people of Westenvliet are a sympathizing folk, and always, so far as man's memory goes, have been most ready, almost eager, to give their own time to their neighbors; so, already, beside one straw-hatted, decent citizen, who, while dabbling with his hand among rhubarb-leaves and other limp foliage on one of the wooden trays, kept his eyes and ears fastened on the painted panel and the talkers, two hard-listening, eye-following boys were drawing near, and a neighbor or two on the opposite side of the street were at the edge of the sidewalk, ready to come over as soon as the occasion should seem to make it necessary.

Abram Van Zandt was alive to business, whatever else he might have to think of; so he

took hold of his part of the world and gave it a jog to keep it going as it ought to go.

“You, boys! Go right along now! I don’t want none of you about my place. Away with you. March!—Patsy, you attend to that gentleman. In a minute, Mr. Young!—Now, Doem’nie, if you ain’t too busy, please to walk inside. I’ll take this in along with us. I won’t give you the trouble.”

So saying, he took the panel, and led the way up a couple of steps into the back room in which he had been first seen, and shut the door upon the two. Then, laying down his pipe and half-sitting on the low window-sill, he spoke; his look, the while, being grave and earnest.

“Now, you see, Doem’nie Van Emerle, I ain’t a-going to give myself no komber * because o’ that thing. I can’t afford the time to it, and it isn’t worth *my* while, no ways. Don’t you *see* it isn’t? for what’s a painting like that, with two or three little mites of daubings, like dolls, onto it? It don’t look much as if the other folks had thought a great deal of it, any how; for

* Cumber, trouble.

they went and pasted on old bills and such like on the back." And, to show his meaning, he began pulling off one of the written papers with which that side of the panel was pretty thickly strewed.

"Have a care! have a care, good friend!" said his visitor, eagerly staying his hand. "I don't think those writings are what you suppose, but most likely certificates to the picture."

"But," said the shopman, "what would they have certificates for? I don't suppose it wasn't ever taken for no debt; for who'd take an old board like that? Most generally, the frame is good for something, if the painting's no good; but the frame to this one isn't any good. There it hangs; see! You can see that for yourself. It's a big great cumbering thing, and worm-eaten. And that there board was dirty! My! to see the dirt what came off of it!"

Little as Van Zandt was making of his piece of property, there was an earnestness about his disparagement of it, which, taken with the interest shown in it by the rest of the family, may well have seemed something mysterious and unaccountable.

His visitor looked, as directed, to the picture's frame upon the wall, and saw there such a setting for the panel as might delight the eyes of a man who knew any thing of such things, — an old-fashioned (not showy but) heavily gilt in-and-out moulding lightly overlaid with leaves, and all more or less dimmed with age. Then he answered: —

“Some one was telling me that you hadn't been very well since the warm weather set in, neighbor Van Zandt.” And he looked at his parishioner with kindly interest.

“Pshaw, now! I wonder who was telling any such a thing about me,” said the baker. “They think I feel bad about this here Job Fox. And what's Job Fox going to do to me? He can't take away *my* business, let him do his best; and” —

Van Zandt was working himself up; but his visitor interrupted. Without taking any notice of what had just been said, or referring at all to the figure on the panel (with which unflattering likeness the thought of Job Fox might, in some way, and for some reason or other, be associated),

- he yet kept himself to the subject of the picture. Taking it again in hand, he turned to the back, and, having examined it for a moment, said, —

“Why! you understand old-country speech, friend; you can read this.”

“Read it you, please, Doem’nie, if it wouldn’t be too much trouble. I haven’t got my specs,” answered the other, settling himself to listen.

Before a word had been read, he turned to the open window behind him, and, snuffing up the air, which came in loaded with a sweet, rich breath of the early summer, said, — as if he had forgotten (or forsaken) the panel, —

“Only smell to that once! Now, that’s all that child Patsy —. Why, here am I stopping up this window, all the time, and never thought! But, now, *she* makes all that. See, once, how many she’s got growing just there, in one place, all up over that arbor: honeysuckle, and woodbind, and a new kind of roses that Scotchman, Will Thomson, fetched home, — him that’s been away off among the Indians. Let’s see, where’s this they said it was? I never can remember: but some place amongst the Indians. It’s strange

about these here young folks. Now, she's great with her books: I shouldn't wonder now, one bit, if she'd got all the blooms and the flowers they tell about in the books."

When it had come to this, and his visitor had expressed a very kindly admiration of Patsy's work, and delight in the fragrance of the air, there seemed no further need of going back to the former conversation; and accordingly Dominie Van Emerle, holding the picture carefully, gave it the best light, and studied it in such a way as to have forgotten, to all appearance, the thought of other things. Van Zandt, however, soon came back to it.

"Now, you don't see him, yourself!" he said, in a tone of relief. "You don't see that man that they said I was him?" And his look was a mixed one, of hope and fear.

"They said *you* was *him*, did they?" asked Dominie Van Emerle, condescending to his neighbor's grammar, and laughing. "I haven't heard of that thing happening since Pythagoras was Euphorbus over again; and *he*'d died six hundred years before."

As he said this, he looked over, with a frank face full of cheery good-humor, evidently expecting to find Van Zandt in the same mood, or to put him in it; but Van Zandt was not in the same mood, nor near it.

"You don't mean that?" he said gravely, — indeed, very gravely, — and without a trace of a smile.

"It's what a good many people said that Pythagoras said; and proved, too, in one way," answered his visitor, still laughing, and looking as if for a smile from the owner of the picture.

Still Van Zandt did not smile, but looked gravely upon the panel, and upon that corner of it which held the odd-looking type of himself, and then turned away, without saying any thing. The other was quietly enjoying the picture. Presently the owner said hastily, as if to get the thing out of his way, —

"You shall have it home, Doem'nie! There! Sam Roedeke shall take it, when he carries the vege'bles. Then you can look at it. Will you have the frame with it, to hang it up?"

"Not so," said the Dominie, "not so. I must

teach you to take better care of your painting. You mustn't trust it with Sam Roedeke. I believe you've got a treasure. I'll take it in my own hands, and I'll be answerable. No matter about the frame for me. Take care of it till this comes back. — Now, neighbor," he said, lingering before taking his leave, "I think you want a change: you don't look altogether right. The summer's not coming in well for you. Mightn't it be good for you to go out to the country, and help Hank, a little while, on the farm?" The breath from blossoms and buds, borne through the window, seemed to second the advice.

But Van Zandt was not a migratory man.

"I don't ever need no change, Doem'nie," he said. "Where a man ought to be is just right in his business: 'de vorke in im's mussigheyd,' they say," — which was shocking bad Dutch (of Westenvliet) for "the pig to his mire," — a little joke, doubtless.

So Dominie Van Emerle, bearing the panel, passed out through the outer shop, exchanging the breath of flower and blossom for the smell

of fresh bread and cake, and the hard face of the moody grandfather for the easy-going grandmother, and the neat-handed and bright-eyed Patsy, doing up a parcel or two for customers, and glancing her pleasant looks all about the place.

Mrs. Van Zandt was sitting in a dark place behind a counter, — perhaps as cool a seat as she could find ; for large people, and people in a hurry, showed in their looks, as they passed the open door, that the weather of that June was very trying. At the entrance of her respected customer, she rose, and, having cast a look at the door of the back room, walked out after him ; arranging, as she passed, the snow-white linen over a square or two of sugared buns or tea-cake (for flies were already threading the warm air), and also taking the parcel which had been put aside for the Dominie.

“ You ’ll look to the store, child, for a little,” she said to Patsy, who, like other capable people, accepted the charge very readily. “ I think I ’ll take a bit of greens to poor Mrs. Bogardus, and I won’t be gone a minute, hardly. — But, Doem’-

nie!" she called out, as her customer was getting away from the door with his burden, "we'd best send Sam Roedeke with the board, if it's to go: it'll be more fitting."

The Dominie turned, and answered as he had answered a like proposition from the husband, a moment before:—

"Not at all, my good Mistress Van Zandt; not at all. Sam Roedeke is not to be trusted with such a thing as this. This is worth gold!"

The statement slackened for a moment Patsy's nimble fingers, and brought a look of curiosity to her face: the grandmother stood in good-natured astonishment, if not alarm. Recalling straightway her purpose, she unfastened her apron and threw it over the cap which set off her honest, broad features, explaining that "if the Dominie would let her, she would just pass on a little bit with him." Then she walked, with good, heavy steps, beside him, out from the cooler shadow of the shop-awning and away from the customers hovering about the vegetables. These latter of course looked up and made their salutations, and would doubtless

have entered into an exchange of a few questions and answers, touching the strange board which the Dominie was carrying, had not the back side of it, partly covered as it was with scraps of written and much-smoked or much-soiled paper, been outward, and so mazed them that they could not begin to say a word until the chance was gone; and so they were turned upon each other, from whom they got little satisfaction.

The street was full of golden sunshine, and fresh greenness of leaves, and the changeful gladness of children trooping to school; but it was hot, and except two black people talking what passed at that day for Dutch, against a house-wall, and except an old man hobbling with a staff and carrying a tin kettle, there were no grown-up folk, as far as the corner.

The good woman looked forward and around and backward, and began to speak:—

“He’s not exactly right, this short time gone, — I can see that myself, — not like what he always was. Not ever since this other place, of Fox’s, was begun; but I suppose it’ll all wear

away, most likely. Patsy says it isn't that, at all; and I don't know: only it looks like it, for he's always bringing up Fox. But there's room enough, I suppose. Patsy says the Foxes people are very honorable; and they'll not try to run us down; and they don't bake the same things. They bake this here, what they call 'Boston brown bread,' and such. She hears it from some of them, I think; there's this young man, Eben, that's going round—perhaps she hears it from him: I don't know.—Now about this picture is the strangest.” And she looked, not exactly frightened, but in a state of kindly bewilderment. “He got a notion it was given to him to put a blight on him. He says Styvart said, when he was dying, that Van Zandt was just that little Dutchman over again, and Van Zandt would hang himself just as”—

Mrs. Van Zandt—being a careful and proper woman—was not so carried away by her own speech as not to be aware that the slender stream of humanity which flowed, as a mill-race flows, with varying fulness, through Fort Street, was just beginning for the time to run fuller;

and she stopped speaking just as three or four people, not yet quite near enough to hear what she was saying, were already searching sharply with their eyes herself, and the strange board, and Dominie Van Emerle, who was bearing the strange board.

Without yet giving heed to them, Mr. Van Emerle laughed heartily at what he heard, looking the while at the funny figure which was said to have enjoyed an intermittent life, interrupted by several centuries occupied by other people. The Dominie recovered himself, however, in time to give them a kindly, open greeting, as they passed. The laugh seemed to do nearly as much good to the listener as to the laugher; for whatever anxiety was in her face went out.

At his own door, Mr. Van Emerle apologized for not taking the vegetables from his companion; but explained that he would not carry the picture with one hand, for fear of harm to it,—an explanation which she received with an indulgent smile, as if implying that there were strange fancies in the world, even in the best of people, and that we must sometimes humor them.

By the time the door was opened, she seemed in a comfortable state of mind, and had nothing left of the anxious look which she had brought away from home ; but — whether habit, or duty to husband or shop, or anxiety for the sick Mrs. Bogardus hindered — she asked to be excused “just for then,” when the Dominie invited her in “to answer a few questions.”

“Then, good Mistress Van Zandt,” said he, “pray tell me, here, how is it that we only hear of all this just now? Poor Peter Styvart died — what was left of him — long ago, and how does this just come out now?”

The question bewildered a little the good-natured matron ; but she evidently did her best in answering : —

“I don’t know that I’m good for knowing it all out ; but it’s someways about his will, I think. This was one of those things he brought home from the old country, you understand (that’s Styvart), and it was never unpacked till just now, here ; only this while back. *He* knows better — or Patsy. Patsy can tell. Patsy knows all her grandfather and me knows, and I shouldn’t wonder but more too.”

This she said with a laugh, as if at the way in which these fresh-lighted generations come up.

Mrs. Van Zandt had gone down two of the three steps of the "stoep," when she came up again (very red, good soul) to leave a nosegay which she had brought for Miss Angelica, and had forgotten. She secured, also, a promise that the pastor would come and see her husband: "Perhaps there wouldn't be any thing; and, anyways" — Then she curtsied, and departed.

Now the Dominie was in his own house; and, when the well-turbaned young black girl had taken away the parcel (after a good look out of the door, for her own private benefit), he was alone with his daughter, — a light-complexioned lady, of full and friendly face, and with a good head of light-brown hair. As the Dominie set the picture in what light he could find, she went to it eagerly, and, running over it with her eyes, fastened presently on the same part in which Sam Roedeke had set his unerring finger. An expression of surprise seemed to go over her whole person. "This man, fishing!" she said: "well! well!"

Miss Angelica knew a great deal more about Peter Styvart and his bequest than her father, and wondered that he had never heard it all. "Peter Styvart," she told him, "had wasted a great deal of money" —

But her father was inclined to a shorter road :

"Oh, yes, my dear, you needn't begin quite so far back as that, any more than the first question in the catechism, 'What is thy only comfort?' "

"Well, sir," said the daughter, patiently beginning at another point, "you knew all about his owing Van Zandt the ten thousand dollars?"

"Twelve hundred, child! With compound interest you *might* make it fifteen hundred, if Van Zandt hadn't come into his land again; but nobody else would have given Abram Van Zandt a thousand for that crooked bit of ground. Well, tell your story your own way; only don't forget that what I want to know, particularly, is about this picture." And, making his light through the blinds of the window, he sat looking into the very texture of the wood at the back of the panel, and listening to the tale of Peter Styvart and Van Zandt.

"You know they say it was all about Anneke Thomson," said Miss Angelica, going on with her story; and, from this most suggestive beginning, showing at large, and with much wisdom, how Peter Styvart had been a very promising young man; if a little wild, only a little wild; how he had his sixth of his father's three fortunes, got with the three wives; how he drove, with his two cream-colored horses that Myndert Schuyler sold him, and in his elegant light wagon, along Hague Street, in front of her house, with his neck-tie flying out, both sides; how she sat at the window, with her white handkerchief in her hand, and never waved it, and never made any sign, any more than if he hadn't been there.

When she had got to this point, the young lady paused. If ever a story-teller had had that encouragement which they all want, Miss Angelica had found it, in the absolute silence of her hearer; who, if he did indeed quietly busy himself with searching the dark back of the oaken panel, at least never uttered a word. That was a strong picture, of the youthful

lover in the fluttering neck-bands (heir to the sixth part of three fortunes), driving before his light wagon the cream-colored steeds, and drawing from the unpitying maiden, in her window, neither sign nor look. That was a strong picture (who was it, of old, that had that other pair of cream-colored horses? Not Corœbus, of Elis, for he raced on foot). Well, it was Peter Styvart, of Westenvliet, that Miss Angelica was painting; and into her picture she could and did throw, at her leisure, the sky of spring above the steep-sided channel of the street hovering, mottled with light clouds; the soft green of the leaves, and the fearless lightings and short, unscared flights of the tame pigeons; but beforehand, or instead of all this, she preferred to seek an answer to a deep question in casuistry: "Don't you think," she asked, "that, if Anneke had shown a little feeling, she might have saved Peter Styvart? Everybody says so."

Her father was busy, as we have seen, but did not disregard her question: he looked up slowly and gravely.

"My dear child," he said, but smiling, as he

looked into her face, which was full of the story, "I'm not concerned about Anneke. Very likely she did the best thing for him, by sending him into business; but I want to know how Mr. Van Zandt gets this picture. It's Van Zandt I'm interested in now, and his picture."

So Miss Angelica, obliged as she was to fold up close and flat, before this cold blast of matter-of-fact, the many-hued wings of romance, which she had joyfully spread, began again, where Styvart had gone saddened into business with Hoegevelt and Company, of Albany. She followed him through his leaving Hoegevelt and Company, and going abroad, and being abroad, and coming home, "with a great lot of things, which he had bought and had left to him," and to his dying in Westenvliet. Her father, as if determined that all this time and talking should not go for naught, guided her a little by questions, and found that the story accounted for the strange legacy and for the message that went with it to the legatee.

As the story represented, it was no legacy; but was solemnly sent from the sick man's bed-

side, by three witnesses, to Abram Van Zandt, who declined to receive it, and "wanted his own honest money," — "that was all he wanted." Then Peter Styvart sent it back (his messengers were John Wemple, and John Williams, and one of the Valcknaers, — so exact and methodical is Fame in keeping her records, which must encourage us all to think that she will not be careless about us) and he told them not to let that little Van Zandt stand in his own light, so ; they were to make him take it, and were to take a receipt for it ; that that picture was magical, or ghostly, or something, and Van Zandt was down in one corner of it, just as he looked two or three hundred years ago ; that if the little Dutchman had sense enough to follow up that picture in the right way, it would be the making of him ; and, if not, he might just hang himself, as that little ugly villain in the painting did.

This marvellous and mysterious tale seemed to gratify very much the father, who was now unmistakably listening to every word of it, and who said that it was one of the real old sort.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, at last, laughing, "is it possible that our little neighbor is caught in that sort of net?" And he turned the panel round and looked again at the figure in the corner, and laughed anew: he then showed it to his daughter.

If at first she had been startled, Miss Angelica now sat gazing in wonder and perplexity; for, as she said, she could not see how two men could be so much alike; nor was she relieved from her amazement by her father's explanation, that the story did not make this to be two men, but one man in different centuries. Finding, then, that the story and the picture together had thrown a little glamour over his daughter, the Dominie set himself, with his clear speech and gentle laugh, to reassure her. He went over, for her, all the different myths, which in her honest reading had fastened themselves more or less strongly on her fancy; such as the Necromancer Virgil, The Wandering Jew, Frederic Barbarossa, Roderic, and the then newly told Van Winkle. "Now," said he, at last, when it might seem that he had given

time enough, if not more than enough, to such unsubstantial tissues, "I've found just what I was looking for. This is the work of a master! one of the Flemish masters, Angelica! I knew it must be!"

Then, being a kindly, sympathetic man, who liked to share with others, instead of keeping to himself, he explained that this picture, which Styvart had brought home and had given to Van Zandt, was one of those famous landscapes, with figures, of Van der Velde, — Adrian van der Velde, — two hundred years old or so; of which the wonder was that Styvart had managed to get it. It might, however, he thought, have come from the break-up of some kinsman's house, in the Netherlands. The panel had Van der Velde's signature, beside all the attestation on the back.

Now the thing to be done was to show its owner the worth of it, and get him away from the shadowy influence which was falling from it upon him. Here, again, came in the question which, as he now reminded himself, had not yet been answered: why had this matter of the pic-

ture just started up, although Peter Styvart had been dead a year or two, and the present had been sent to his neighbor from the dying man's bedside? Miss Angelica could see that she certainly had left that point out of her story: she was ready to offer an explanation. "Mr. Van Zandt, after unwillingly taking the picture, of the hands of the messengers, had stubbornly insisted upon sending it off to the executor without deigning to look at it; claiming money instead. At last, the executor, after having all along told him that he would get nothing else, sent him word that everybody was laughing at that portrait of him, and that it should be sold for the benefit of the estate, if it was not sent for at once."

If there were some weak points in the story, as it now stood, it looked like a story substantially true; and so the Dominie accepted it. He set the capital work of Adrian van der Velde upon his mantel-shelf, and turned, for the time, to other things. Miss Angelica, also, carried her dutiful head and heart away to household duties, beginning with the shutting-out of the day's

heat (and daylight with it) from the rooms in which they had been sitting; first, however, as by a fascination, taking a stand and gazing steadfastly at the picture.

That afternoon, as Dominie Van Emerle was just about going out, having his gloves on and his hat in hand, he heard an active knock at the front door, and, opening it himself, found Patsy Chamberlain, with the picture-frame, such as we have described it, and bearing on its aged back its share of labels, — some of them cut jaggedly through, or torn away, where they had joined frame and panel together before Van Zandt had sundered them.

Our readers, who are doubtless ready to like this lively maiden, need not fancy that with her glancing eye and deft hand she had also every possible grace of face and figure, — a classical straightness and evenness, roundness and liteness, gentleness and strength, and whatsoever words can tell of womanly loveliness. Ought we reasonably to look for any thing so fair and perfect in a tradesman's shop, and among the grandchildren of Abram Van Zandt and his

wife? It would be scarcely fair to expect one such in all the town; although whoever knows it knows that it is a garden, in which are growing up an uncommon multitude of comely maidens for the best youth of other towns. What Patsy really had was a clear and very fine complexion; honest and modest—and yet a little roguish—blue eyes; a nose whose point came rather sharply upward; a good large, living mouth, with red lips, and sound, strong teeth that one saw when she talked and laughed unrestrained by the dignity or gravity of the company; and withal a neat figure, not over large. The young men called her a pretty girl, and the women commonly agreed with them: it is hard to say why, unless she really was so, and a pretty good girl, besides.

On this very hot day, Patsy's blood had come, like other people's, as near as it could get to the surface, and on her forehead and cheeks was sweat, like other people's; but the sweat was not coarser or less fair than dew on the leaves or the grass, or the slight wetness that falters down the marble brow of the cliff under the shade of summer woods.

But, as our story is about the grandfather (as any one can see by turning to the title), we must not waste a great deal of time with this orphan grand-daughter. The pastor took the picture-frame; but Patsy followed it into the darkened parlor, and saw it joined to its mate. Miss Angelica, coming at the moment, let in as much as she thought best of the inquiring daylight, and the maiden explained her errand. "Grampa," she said, "didn't like the sight of this frame, and Gramma was going to send it by Sam Roedeke; but she (Patsy) didn't like to trust it with Sam Roedeke, and so brought it herself." She was invited to cool herself, and was very ready to give an account of the worthy old baker of Westenvliet, under the influence of his strange fancy.

Though he did not talk much, Mr. Van Zandt was worrying a good deal. Both grandmother and grand-daughter had overheard him saying, when he was standing against a wall, with his head upon his breast (and the maiden showed as well as her shapely head and comely form could represent her unshapely grandfather how

he had been standing), the words "that ugly little Dutchman!" — "They won't hang *me*, not quite so fast!" And then about the Foxes, — he always came back to them, — "No Foxes weren't going to beat him, if they gnawed their tails off!" — "They *can't* beat us, either!" was Patsy's own professional comment upon the rival bakers; and she made it with plenty of spirit, with a very confident, if not a mischievous smile, and with brightened eyes.

How much knowledge of other people's hearts (or her own, for that matter) Miss Angelica may have had, who can tell? The reader, wise from the study of all the stories that are coming out, feels pretty sure that he knows human nature a great deal better than any young lady who has had nothing more than a good substantial education and such intercourse with society as going to the Lord's house on Sundays and prayer-days, to evening parties now and then, and to a seldom picnic in summer, and sleigh-ride in winter. Now, of course, it may have occurred to the reader, and may have occurred to Miss Angelica, — for human nature, male and

female, interests itself in such things, — to think whether, in the existing state of affairs between the houses, the feud would be wisely and temperately carried by this sprightly Patsy Chamberlain and that brisk young fellow, Eben, the circulating representative of the Foxes. What light would the maiden's resolute assertion of victorious rivalry throw upon that question? If the head of the old house were going into a cloud, would the easy-going wife and this lively girl make his place good? The gentle and studious pastor may well be supposed to have been a man with some knowledge of the world; and he could not fail to be concerned about Van Zandt, poor man, worrying and excited at the opposition to his pre-eminence in his business, after having stood at the moderately-elevated head of it for twenty years, and (more yet) beset by a creeping fear that that was his own likeness which a large part of the town had seen in the corner of that hateful picture. This last fancy was strange and pitiful; but evidently Abram Van Zandt's mind was working with it.

"Well, Patsy," said the pastor, "the Foxes are not trying to hurt your 'place,' are they?" And Patsy answered readily, "no, they were not: only, as everybody knew, they were in the same business;" but the next question brought an unexpected answer. In Westenvliet, it was everybody's comfort that he knew about everybody else, at least up to the day before, and perhaps till everybody else was laid away in the sleep of the night before; and when Patsy informed the Dominie and his daughter that the two chief bakeries of that neighborly little city were making the same kinds of bread (for the "old establishment" had itself taken up the furnishing of those strange novelties, "Boston 'Brown Bread," "Election Buns," and the rest), her two hearers were astonished. Here was a stroke of enterprise, indeed! It was not that the new was pushing competition with the old, but the old was boldly invading the special province of the new, and driving it out of its professed neutrality into an open contest. Yet it was only yesterday — why, it was only that morning! — that

Mrs. Van Zandt herself had said that their provinces were altogether distinct, and did not interfere with one another! The Dominie looked toward the picture, dimly showing itself from the dusk of his mantel-shelf, and said, smiling sadly, "Well, really, for a man of six generations ago, he's showing wondrous activity down here in our time!" The race, however, which was thus begun (like a race between two four-horse coaches of that day, before iron rails were laid to keep wheels to their own tracks), could hardly be witnessed without a breathless foreboding of disaster to one or both of the headlong competitors. But Patsy, floating on the swelling tide of rivalry, seemed as fearless of results as a nautilus riding, with its slight, fair sail, the summer sea. She asked, to be sure, whether that picture could have any thing to do with her grandfather; and, being assured that it was no more to him than the portrait of Admiral De Ruyter in her grandmother's parlor, she asked nothing further. Her ear, while she listened, seemed to be toward the world outside, — beyond the shaded open windows. There

was the song of such birds as do not shun the street, the glancing of butterflies and of silken parasols and of sun-bright straw hats above young faces; and there, not far away, under a wide wooden awning, were certain rows of summer growths spread out glistening with often-sprinkled showers, or lying in broad pans, from whose depths the refreshing element showed through. Within these, again, was the shop, smelling cleanly and wholesome, and tempting with dainty food for daily meal, and choice and costly provision for wedding-feast. Just as she rose to go, it happened that, for song of street-warblers, was heard the rhythmic jingling of horse-bells, such as in New England country-towns proclaim the baker. In an instant after this melodious sound had made its way out of the clatter of the cobble-stoned street, could be seen through the green Dutch blinds, instead of glancing of bird-pinion or butterfly-wing, the bright sunshiny yellow of a wagon, which stopped before the Dominie's house. Miss Angelica looked significantly to her father, as she kindly attended her young neighbor to the

door. "Ah! Dian's away!" she said, as the knocker sounded. Then with her gentle hand opening the upper leaf, without the lower, she showed, outside, the face of a well-enough looking, rather dashing young fellow, whose eyes seemed first to see the bright eyes and red cheeks of his rival, — Abram Van Zandt's granddaughter, not one whit less red than when she came in out of the hot day, — nay, redder almost, — although no longer wet with the fair moisture which we have compared to dew of morning.

The young tradesman was modest (this was two generations since), and he blushed, taking off his hat, while Miss Angelica, with Patsy Chamberlain smiling prettily beside her, opened the lower half of the good old Dutch door. He stood to tell his business (which was, of course, to recommend his wares), and instead of crowding by him, to make her way to the street, as perhaps some maidens of to-day might do, Patsy stood modestly (and nervously, too) just within the threshold, while he told it. The maiden, with a smile and a little toss of the

head, assured Miss Van Emerle that, "whatever any one wished, they could get every thing at her grandfather's:" an irregular sentence; but there are instances like it in the grammar, with some hard Greek name, and Patsy, as her grandfather says, is a fine scholar. And what did Mr. Eben Fox, but, with all the gallantry of an old-time knight, grant the claims of the adversary, whom ere long, again, he was to meet in the shock of fight?

Miss Angelica was one of the natural patrons of art in Westenvliet. Both she encouraged with kindly words, and bade them be generous rivals. Then, while they both departed, and she was shutting first the lower, then the upper, leaves of the door, she watched the young adversaries going down the steps, not silently, together. It was a moment after the whole Dutch door was shut behind them before the chariot of flame was heard rattling and jingling away. "It's strange how they met, just here!" she said, returning to her father. "Yes," said the Dominie, taking to his Flemish panel again, "one can never see where the second little bird

comes from." So he dismissed the young people, and settled himself, with thoughtful look, before the picture, for which he carefully arranged his light. Whether he saw only the picture, or whether he saw through it, we will not undertake to say.

Days, one by one, went on; and, while the panel stayed at Dominie Van Emerle's, an interest and discussion grew slowly up in Westenvliet. The neighbors had already been looking, with a lukewarm curiosity, toward Mr. Van Zandt, and his business, and Styvart's ill-omened legacy. The story was an old story, until this fresh stir made by the Dominie's taking the picture home. About this last doing the public had not had time yet to settle upon any well-judged explanation. Dominie Van Emerle, as his way was, asked no questions of his neighbors. He made his round of calls; looked in, for a moment, examining vegetables, and had a little talk with big Mrs. Van Zandt behind her counter, while Patsy Chamberlain, bright, and a little thoughtful, was keeping the whole shop alive with her brisk hands and quick motions from

place to place. The wife said nothing about her husband, and was apparently not very anxious.

Now had begun such a time as never had been known in Westenvliet. If every man did not gather manna and quails laid freely at his front door, at least every one who could pay moderate prices could have, at a day's notice, "French rolls," and "English rolls," and "English muffins," and "twists," and all sorts of bread, such as most of the quiet citizens had never thought or heard of before,—beside tarts, and turn-overs, and cream-cakes. The two chief bakeries had severally notified the public (Colonel Masker's slight, mischievous hand, it was said, being seen in the language of the advertisements) that "no reasonable demand should be left unsupplied; that Westenvliet should be put in advance of the great cities of the country." Having advertised in this way, in handwriting feminine and masculine, and in print, the bakeries were in full blast (of a quiet sort) to supply the demand which they were tempting the citizens to get up. The flaming chariot of

the Foxes, driven by that trig and well-mannered young man, Eben, flashed in the sun of the summer streets, and struck voices out of their stones; and Sam Roedeke, sent out, well-attired and well-washed, with his hand-wagon, while the dew of the morning yet cooled the planks and bricks of the sidewalks, found the stoeps and doorways of the old immemorial customers of the Van Zandts, and answered, readily enough, the chance calls which came to him on his rounds. If the wagon of the Foxes glowed with paint and varnish which cast back the light of the sun, Sam Roedeke had, for the fine days, his fresh, half-stiffened cloths, witnessing to dainty hands and tidy forethought, and, for the rainy weather, his close-fitting canvas-top, which shed all rain, light or heavy.

This state of things could not go on without manifold speculation and discussion of neighbors. A little knot of blacks, drawing out of the thoroughfare, might be overheard uttering oracular speech, broken very much, and obstructed by huge bits of tart or pie which in the general largess had fallen to them, but seemingly pretty

much agreed as to the unwisdom of this way of going on; and, near the old cannon at the corner of Fort and Vanderwater Streets, some well-kept old bucks, like Colonel Masker and Major Prout, who sometimes only remembered "the war of Independence," and sometimes thought that they had done the greater part of it, went into the state of things, and causes and rights and wrongs; forecast the likely outcome to the rival bakers and the town, and said a great deal that was sharp and wise. "Their 'French rolls,' as they call 'em!" said the Colonel, quizzically, "I wonder what Mooseer [I give it to you in the real French style] le Count d'Etang would have said to 'em: I don't believe he 'd have found much *French* in 'em!"

"They 're good, though!" said Major Prout. "It's worth while to have a Yankee come in, once in a while, like these Foxes, to give us a shake-up."

"But," said the Colonel, "commend me to little Patsy Chamberlain, or old Van Zandt himself, for that matter, to match any Yankee. That Patsy's a paragon! Do you know what

a scholar she is? Williams says she knows more English poetry than any two men in town. We shall have to brush up, Major. But poor old Van Zandt's crazy, sir! He's got a notion that he's walked out of that picture that Styvart sent him. He says they shall find he's got life in him, if he *is* three hundred years old. (Ha!) He's as mad as a bat, sir!"

"It makes good times for trade," said Captain Barheydt, in the pause which followed, rubbing his hands, for he was engaged in the carrying and forwarding trade on the canal.

"I hope it isn't quite so bad as that with our old neighbor," said the Major. "It's my opinion you can't make a Dutchman crazy, any more than you can a Dutch clock: it'll always go just about so."

"There are *some* pretty things about it, Major, eh?" said the Colonel, again. "They say, you know, that young Fox is so gallant that he won't court Van Zandt's old customers! Ha! ha! Now isn't that pretty?"

"Ah," said the outermost of the group, Tom Vedder, "you tell *me* that a smart fellow, like

Eben Fox, ain't a-going to take what trade he can get! How long do you suppose his father would stand that,—old Job Fox, that's as sharp as a chisel?"

Captain Barheydt made a further contribution to the general fund: "Aunt Relie Oothout says she was eighty-five, last May, and she's seen a good many things; and Abram Van Zandt'll live as long as the paint's fresh on that picture, and no longer."

This started Colonel Masker. "Old Van Zandt'll have to take to rouging," he said, laughing,— "vicarious rouging, eh?"

So went the talk of neighbors; and Dominie Van Emerle, as he was encountered in the street, was asked many questions, and had the information and the speculations of many leading men and women, and of many following men and women, laid all out before him; because, as some expressed it, he was everywhere, and knew every thing, and there must be *something* behind all this rush of the bakeries. "To be sure," they said, "the Dominie was not a man to let out much; but, then, it seemed natural to talk

to him." Old Dr. Campbell, who was at the head of two (and a half) members of the medical profession, was stopped at corner or crossing, and gave to such representatives of the public as plied him with questions, and furnished him with hints and suggestions, so much information as this: "Not right, ye say? Van Zandt not right? Ah! I'll just be to see him, then, in a little. Oh! we'll bring him round cleverly: never do you fear for Van Zandt." Then, with a droll look, he added: "D'ye think he's going to die right off, when he finds he's got the gift of not dying at all, but turning up fresh every century or so?" and, making a feint to fling to the air a pinch of snuff, tossed it up his nostrils, and scuttled away.

During this time,—like a mist coming up from everywhere and nowhere, and filling emptily every place, and always thin and uncertain as soon as one gets near it,—the opinion that the baker Van Zandt was turning out a strange man, or "growing wild," spread through the town. Then, wise and thoughtful people remembered that "he always was strange. He

was an honest, good-natured sort of a boy, but he wasn't like other boys." And any one, appealing to almost any one, was confirmed in his recollections by others. "Van Zandt hadn't been like other boys, when you came to think of it." Thomas Vedder, a matter-of-fact man (and also a wizened-up man, with sharp eyes) whom the reader has heard among the group at the gun-corner, was coming out of Van Zandt's, in the heat of an afternoon, with his palm-leaf hat set lightly far back on his head, and with a large crumpled handkerchief in hand; assuring the wife, as he came through the shop without stopping or turning (though he broke and munched a ginger-cake), "I'll come again. It's that cursed picture that's doing it! there's no doubt of it. It ought to be burned!" To such fellow-citizens as were about the vegetable trays, ready for information, he said, — taking for granted their understanding, — "It isn't much, yet; but, if they don't look out, it will be." Then, seeing the pastor, he hastened to join him.

"You ought to get Van Zandt to burn that

picture," he said: "I've been talking to him. He's afraid to. He says he threatened to burn it, when Styvart sent it; and Styvart sent a message to him, that, if he did, he'd burn his fingers, he could tell him. He's just as much afraid of that picture as if it was the devil himself! Just let me get hold of it: I'd burn it fast enough!"

"It may be so," said the Dominie; "but he'd better burn up his old shop. That's by a great painter! That's a famous painting!"

"Well," said Vedder, "what's the use of a famous painting? The man might have been about better business! Here's old Van Zandt going mad about it, next thing!"

"We'll try and keep him right," said the Dominie, cheerily; and added wisely, "The picture shan't stand in his way," and with these words, and a bow, left Mr. Vedder.

Dominie Van Emerle went in through the baker's shop. Bread and cake filled the air, and tempted the palate with fresh fragrance: but a skilled eye could see that good, broad Mrs. Van Zandt, who was fanning herself behind the

counter, looked uneasy; and the trig little Patsy Chamberlain, who turned so hastily this way or that way, to the shelf or the counter, that it was not easy to see her face, looked worn and pinched, — really, there were tears in her eyes! (Was the grandfather so much worse? or was the victory over the rival house not so easy or complete?) He said a pleasant word, as he came in, and then asked a question or two of the grandmother, who shook her head, and declared: “I don’t know what to make of him, at all. He’s getting strange ways and strange thoughts. He’s had me take that red curtain I had in the back window, and make it up into a kind of a jacket, like; and then he’d put it on, and say, ‘There, now! does that suit you pretty well?’ Then he’d ask how I liked a husband three thousand” —

“No, Gramma!” interrupted Patsy, smiling, almost like herself, “three hundred” —

“Yes,” continued the old lady, “it does not make much difference, I suppose, but it was ‘three hundred years’ he said. Tom Vedder — I think he’s told you — says that

picture must be burnt. Maybe, you'd best go in to him, if you please. Maybe you can make something out of him."

"Remember," said the pastor, cheerily, as he went, "it isn't *three* hundred years we've got to handle: the picture was painted only two hundred years ago." The wife looked as if she took some vague comfort from this assurance.

The inner room, in which Van Zandt himself was, was hot and close, notwithstanding that its one window was open as wide as it could be.

The man looked more than ever like his portrait in the Flemish picture, — browner and smokier than ever, — but said that "he felt as good as ever he felt in his life. One thing he was troubled about, and that was the woman: she was low-spirited, some ways!" "But, law!" he said, "they needn't to worry about me. — Now you're taking notice to that red thingamajig on the chair, yonder. I can't make it look much like t'other man yet." And he put on the garment before his visitor. Roughly as this was made, and unfit as its stuff was for its new use, the shape and color were so like those of the

doublet on the panel that the resemblance between the two figures, the painted and the living, was now not funny, not striking, but positively startling. The Dominie showed no sign of wonder. He accepted it with a quiet smile, and said: "Well, neighbor, you're playing, are you? Pretty good! If we should dress ourselves up, we might all look like people of the old time. You remember good old Dominie Marselus, with his cocked hat, and shoe-buckles, and big-flapped coat and small clothes? If I should put those on, and walk down Hague Street, the old people would say that Dominie Marselus was risen, and nearly everybody in town would believe it."

While his visitor was saying this, looking, meanwhile, steadily in the face of his strangely attired listener, Van Zandt was gazing still more fixedly and earnestly into the eyes of the pastor. "I can't get to it," said he, "if I do my best. I can come pretty nigh to it?" Here he had a look of strong inquiry.

The Dominie spoke with a cheery, strong voice: "To be sure, you can't make yourself into another

man. Now, they always said that I was so like Dominie Marselus, though I hadn't a drop of his blood anywhere, they'd have taken me for his son; but yet, if anybody should look closely, they'd find plenty of differences. And, then, it's only outside: anybody'd say that I don't talk like him, or think like him, or preach like him."

"But you don't *look* so much like him," said Van Zandt, gravely, "I mind the Doem'nie very well. See here, once! Is this like anybody? Ha! ha! *it's him*, is it? Job Fox thinks he's got hold of a man three hundred years old, I expect, — eh?"

By this time his manner had changed; not violently, but yet greatly. The Dominie was very quiet and pleasant. He met Van Zandt on his own ground. "I don't know," said he, "but that you're quite right. I'll borrow that jacket, to compare with the picture: I shouldn't wonder if you had hit it exactly."

"I expect you'll find I'm right," Van Zandt answered, with much confidence; as, indeed, he seemed to have, in this new direction, a new energy and zeal. Possibly two hundred years,

just beginning to understand themselves, and work together, would show themselves so, in a man. "Look at this, once!" he said, suddenly and featly drawing up his stockings outside his trousers till they came to his knees. "Is that it?" This finished and put the last touch to the likeness; for here were the gray stockings and the brown breeches of the picture: the shoes of two hundred years before and of that day were not very unlike. "I ought to have been a tailor," continued the baker, laughing, "the same as t' other man was, — he was a tailor. Don't you see? Look at this coat, now! I laid this all out, and planned it, and I never had no learning in tailoring. Don't you see? It's *in* me to. See how quick I made them knee-breeches! See?" and he smoothed his knees with his hands. "But no: 't isn't so, Doem'nie! 't isn't so! I was only joking, — do you see? — I was only joking."

Now here was a strange change going on. It is wondrous and mysterious to see, in the uncovered harpsichord or piano, two hammers start up at the far ends, and, across all the silent

notes between, fling out each a being of sound, which with the other blends and becomes one, at once inseparable. But this most wondrous mingling of the painted man of six generations since with the living man, the neighbor, before his eyes! What was the good Dominie to do? That unreal thing ought not to be allowed to master and possess this man; and yet, even if it be nothing but a fancy, when a fancy becomes fixed, how is one to get at it to put it out of existence? Crystals of alum forming under the eye, or crystals of quartz, can be reached by the hand: how is the fixing of fancy—a thing not to be seen, heard, or felt outside of one unseen, impalpable mind—to be dealt with?

“Now, Abram,” said the Dominie, “we’re too close here. I want a good talk about it. Let us go into the off-dock* now, and be comfortable.” Van Zandt assented, and of himself proposed to take off his scarlet doublet, “for,” as he said, “it might look strange;” and while he was following out a second thought, of restoring his stockings to that subordinate and

* A sort of back porch, in Dutch houses, partly enclosed.

retired position to which, if not the laws of nature, at least the laws of habit, which is the second nature, assign them, his visitor promptly, but without snatching, took the scarlet doublet, repeating that he would compare it with that in the picture, and gave it, through the door, to Mrs. Van Zandt, to send to his house, assuring her at the same time, in a voice that could be better heard on her side than on her husband's, that Sam Roedeke wouldn't hurt that; at which she nearly smiled. Patsy looked, without a change of gravity, upon the uncomely thing.

The off-dock at the Van Zandts' house had not the bright milk-pans hanging about which gave a cool and cleanly look to that room in many of the neighbors' houses; but it was open on one side to the garden, and was hung with its own tidy pots and pans of several sorts, witnessing to long, comfortable housekeeping. It was thoroughly shaded, and whatever gentle breeze came in brought with it sweet smells. The damp stones, and slow-flickering shadows under the plum-trees just outside, confirmed the feeling of coolness. Upon Van Zandt, as he

invited the Dominie to a seat and seated himself on one of the benches, the pleasantness of this retreat from summer seemed to take effect at once. "Feels good here, Doem'nie, don't it? You hear that old well-wheel screeking? Now to me it's just as good as the song of a bird,—every bit as good. There! there's one of Patsy's birds,—hear! (it don't sing, not half so sweet as Patsy can sing, though). There! there's the well again! Now it seems you can anigh hear the cold water dripping and straggling down, spattering all over the stones,—eh? Pretty nigh, now, can't you?"

This was very comfortable; and the visitor joyfully set his sails to this summer's breeze, and praised the place and the fruits,—for peaches grew at that day in Westenvliet, and pears, and apples, and plums, and grapes, as they do still; and he praised the bakery, and the stand for fruit and vegetables. "Yes, yes, neighbor Brank," using a familiar and friendly diminutive, "you do better to handle good red cabbage—*rood kool*, you know—out of the ground, than to handle a tailor's cabbage."

Van Zandt laughed. How different he was from the man of a few moments ago in harlequin dress! "It's better making loaves and krullers and oley-koecks, than coats and collars and overcoats." Van Zandt laughed again; but this time he took up the speaker.

"That's so, Doem'nie, I make no doubt. Only if you can't *help* it, say, what then? You saw, yourself. I try hard to keep away from it; but if it's *in* me? *That man* was a tailor. His name was Van Zandt, likely, — same's myself, — see? There it is! If I've got that man in me, it's no use a-talking. That's what set up this here Job Fox agen me. He's a baker. Think not? Perhaps it isn't so. No! no! Any way there's nothing better than for a man to live the thing out, — eh, Doem'nie?"

The visitor welcomed this utterance, which was worthy of a philosopher. "No, indeed!" he said; "and you can make up your mind that *you can't be* another man."

"But," said Van Zandt, breaking in, with a strange smile, "I can be *the same man*, if it's so. You said yourself, if you mind, t'other

time, there was a man you know'd about come out again six hunderd years after. Now this is only three hunderd." As he said this, he laid one hand quietly on the other, and sat smiling strangely.

The state of things, as it showed itself now, to a wise and experienced visitor, must have been this: Here was the head of this decent and thriving business, a decent and well-to-do man, just when all his wits were wanted, near going mad; and, if he went mad, every thing must come down, unless, indeed, little Patsy (but she was a mere bright girl) could carry things on. The wife would most likely be dazed and incapable if her husband should be disabled.

At this very moment came, from somewhere near them, a young voice, which immediately caught Van Zandt's attention. "She's in the bake-house!" he whispered, and set a hard old forefinger upon his own lips: "she don't think we're out here." It was a pleasant voice, a little plaintive; and it sang, evidently not changing place,—

"The silky, golden butterfly
That flits about green leaves,
And bears its load of sunshine by,
Whither it knows not, nor knows why:
Why not as good as reaper-train,
That sings behind the creaking wain
High-piled with harvest-sheaves?"

The grandfather looked puzzled; but the change in his face was a good one, — it was not as if his mind toiled for a meaning. "There, now," he said in a low voice, "I can make out 'butterfly,' — that's English; but all the rest of it, you might as well put it in this here lingo the Jews talk, for all me. It's some of this book English, likely, only it sounds pretty. I can hear that, — it's pretty. She's got such a voice!"

Here, perhaps, was an opening out of the labyrinth: he was not all taken up with his wretched possession; his grand-daughter was the same to him, and he the same to her, as ever. *That thing* might be there, all the time, in his brain; but would it not be possible to draw him away from it? There was a hush, for a short while, for the grandfather was listening.

The visitor's lips moved. Van Zandt held up a hand, for Patsy was singing. The voice still came from the same spot : —

“ Yon bee wins all too fair a praise ;
In sooth with tireless wing,
He toils the mead through summer days,
And rich store in his chamber lays ; ”

And now she was plainly turning away. Then, from a little further off, or with her back turned perhaps, she went on : —

“ But let one lightly cross his work,
Swift as a plunge of flashing dirk
He feels a poisoned sting.”

“ I can't tell you where she gets those,” said the grandfather : “ they ain't same 's we boys and girls used to sing at Benson's singing-school. Every Saturday evening, seven o'clock, regular, we used to sing. . But for a doem'nie's wife, now ! Not for one of your great city men, I don't mean ; but for one of these smart-going young men, — got through their college, and got a license from the classis or the synod ; but he must be a good smart one (don't you see ?) to come for Patsy.” And then he ran on to give an account of the

maiden's accomplishments, which the reader, who already knows something of her, will believe was not greatly exaggerated. The old people, he said, were well off, — thanks be to the Lord; Hank, — he was well set up on the farm; another son, "away off in a place they called Ohio," was doing well, and raising a host of children; Laney, that's Laney the daughter, was well off. "I could give up this bakery business: maybe you'll say I'll have to, and take to tailoring, 'count o' that picture, — eh, Doem'nie?" (he laughed); "but then that there man from the vlei, they'd say he done it. They'd say he beat me. But, this little while back, look at me! I haven't done no work. Idle! It's the women carry on every thing, — with that young Bronck and Sam Roedeke. When I begin again, I'm a tailor, eh, Doem'nie?" he said, laughing. "If *that man's* me, I've got to be him. Styvart was right; they all know it. You see, I can't get rid of that painting. I wanted to break it, and I couldn't."

"Ha! ha! You've got to!" said Dominie Van Emerle, speaking cheerily, but rising to take his

leave. "*I shouldn't, if I were in your place; and*" — So, leaving a convenient and comprehensive particle for his neighbor to add what he would, he shook his hand heartily, and opened the door from the off-dock.

"Well, well," said the "possessed" man, "maybe I'll get through, spite of t'other fellow, in the painting! There's something of a man in me!"

The shop chanced to be silent, when the Dominie entered. Mrs. Van Zandt seemed to govern with her fan the flight of flies, much as an Indian juggler the flight of his yellow-paper butterflies. The young Patsy was standing against the other counter, with her crossed hands hanging down in front of her, and with her eyes fixed (but in deep thought) on the street outside. Her pretty color was not in its place in her cheeks. Was all this worry and overwork wearing so fast into her tender life, after all? Where was the triumphant confidence of a few days ago? Where were her little toss of the head, and harmless roguery of the eye? With his care for the old townsman,

his parishioner, and seeing the walls of this heretofore snug, strong-grounded business shaken, could the pastor take thought for the girl's young health, or even life, that might go down with them unwarned? The grandmother, good soul, would never think; and as for the grandfather, who had almost doted in his love, he was past all thoughtfulness for the present.

In an instant, Patsy was busy enough, and with no show of weariness, either. Perhaps even something of her color—a little paler—had hurried to its place. The Dominie was deep in question and answer with the grandmother. “He hadn’t,” she said, “his right appetite; he had taken to drinking a good deal of coffee—strong coffee—different times in a day; he used once to like a little salt fish for a relish to his food; he didn’t take it any more;” and so she gave an account of her husband’s ways,—not a methodical account, but pretty full. The Dominie learned that Dr. Campbell had been there the day before. “*Do* you think,” she asked, after all (and seemed half-ashamed and

half-afraid to ask), "there's any thing betwixt that picture and him?"

"No more than that General Washington on your gingerbread," he said.

And so he urged the wife to take all cheerily, to laugh and not to cry, and to mind who had all these things in His hand. "We mustn't let it come too hardly on our little Patsy, either," he said; and, certainly, the old color began to come up again. "It'll all come out well, Patsy, depend upon it. God is good." By this time the blood had more than its wonted share of her cheeks and throat.

The good man went along the streets, in which now dust was blowing, and a shutter or so slamming, and Mr. Bryan's the dry-goods man's awning flapping furiously, all with a gust of wind which was making hurried preparation for a summer's storm. No rain had fallen by the time he reached Dr. Campbell's house in Hague Street,—a low, red brick house, with white wooden shutters; and, as the medical man was at home, it mattered little to him that the rain came drenching down very soon after.

Colonel Masker was sitting with the host in the room into which Mr. Van Emerle was ushered, and in which it was hard to distinguish any thing, for the thickness of the weather. "We shall fight in the shade, Dominie, as the old Spartan said,—eh, Colonel?" said Dr. Campbell; and after the Colonel had added his little witticism, that "he believed that Spartan went to the *Shades* before the fighting was over," the man of the martial title said "that they had just been talking of their friend, Van Zandt."

"Haven't we done with our friend, Van Zandt?" the medical man asked. "Here's the Colonel been probing me since morning with metaphysical and medical and surgical speculations; and he'll never be done with it, you see."

"Why, Mr. Van Emerle!" said Colonel Masker, "it's about half an hour. No such thing as '*since morning!*' I say we're all interested in Van Zandt, and here's a natural phenomenon. I tell you it isn't every day we get hold of a man that had his portrait painted two or three hundred years ago, and is here to-day, looking not a week older!" And the

Colonel laughed a short laugh, as a man laughs who is ready to maintain some paradox, and wants an antagonist.

"It's a wonderful likeness, certainly," said the pastor.

"Mind you, now, Colonel," said the medical man, "you don't get any contradiction out of me. I grant you it's the man, and his grandfather, too, to the top of that, if ye want."

"Now, Mr. Van Emerle," said the Colonel, turning from the man in whom there was no fight, "look at this thing: any child can see that that's a perfect likeness of our friend Abram,—a perfect likeness. So much for the outside: not all outside either, for the *expression* is the same. Now for the inside: Van Zandt feels it in him. He says he knows he's that man." The noise of all things was so great that Colonel Masker drew up toward the others, raised his voice, and used his hand. "Why, he's going to get himself a tailor's goose, and set up in that business, because, he says, the painted man was a tailor. Why, sir, I tell you, next thing we shall have him with a rope round his neck,

because, as he says, that man hung himself!" And again the speaker laughed a short laugh.

"God forbid!" said the pastor, loudly enough to make himself heard, although a sharp clap of thunder followed hard upon a flash of flame which gave very ghastly effect to the image which the words had raised up.

"Come! come!" said Dr. Campbell, moving away from the window, "do ye see what a bobbery ye're kicking up, man? Were ye wanting to speak to me, Dominie?"

The Colonel sat with his hand lifted and lips ready to move. The Dominie's polite assurance that he could wait, set the argumentative Colonel Masker to renewing his assault; he asked what constituted a man's identity, except to have the same body, soul, and spirit; one could see Van Zandt's body, to the smallest particular, in that picture. ("Ah! with some few exceptions, now," said Dr. Campbell: "is there any thing bare of the two men but just their face and hands?") "And," continued the Colonel, entirely disregarding Dr. Campbell, "if his body is the same, to the smallest particular, and if the man is con-

scious to himself (and so declares without any inducement) that he is that same man inside, — *in propria persona*, — [Dr. Campbell touched the Dominie's arm] now I ask why he *isn't* the same man? and how you mean to make him anybody else? I ask how you're going to make him anybody else?"

The noise of the storm had now come down to that of a steady down-pouring of rain, and the speaker was able to lower his voice, and make it solemn as well as emphatic.

"Oh! '*If*' and '*if*'!" said the Doctor, slightly. "I say '*if*' backwards to ye, and that's *fi*! This is what ye're at, just: you want to make sure of the poor fellow's hanging himself! Come, now, you're a classical man (I heard ye say Latin just now), I'll give you something. You know Job Fox, that has about as much to do with this case as Van Zandt, almost?"

"I know who he is," said the Colonel.

"And where he comes from?" asked the medical man.

"From the land of steady habits, somewhere."

"Exactly," said the other, "land of wooden nutmegs; and of what else?"

The Colonel smiled, and said, "I suppose 'notions.'"

"Ah! you're as good at guessing as you are at reasoning. Now, see here! you think the Yankees invented 'notions' and wooden nutmegs: what does n-o-t-i-o-n spell?" Dr. Campbell asked.

"If I hear the letters rightly, they used to spell 'notion,' " said the Colonel.

"Well, now, I'm not much of a reader, but I took my degrees at the Academia Jacobi Sexti Regis, in Edinboro'." ("I hope its list of professors is as long as its name," said the Colonel, smiling, and looking to the Dominie. The Doctor smiled also, and bowed). "Now that's a Latin word I gave ye. I met it in my Pliny, and it means 'wood-cucumber,' if that's any thing to wooden nutmegs."

"But," said the Colonel, "that doesn't look like a Latin word, — 'n-o-t-i-o-n.'"

"Yes, but it is, and it means what I tell ye; and shows that the Romans invented the name and the thing before" —

"But" — began the Colonel.

"But me no buts! Now, before ye fault my Latinity, go and seek it. See, here's a candle,—no, it's light enough,—just go into my library overhead (ye're not afraid?) and look in my Forcellini,—my great lexicon."

The Colonel went. "There's no such book there, though the word's good: '*quantity*' 'll not trouble *him*," said Dr. Campbell, under his breath, as the door closed; "but there are some prints on the table, and Masker's a man of taste. Now ye want to speak about poor Van Zandt: let's begin; for though the prints are there, they're not many." So now began a hurried but interested and considerate consultation. Dr. Campbell, if a little testy, was sensible and experienced. The information about Van Zandt's habits he had already got for himself,—the taking to strong coffee, the leaving off of his fish, and all else about his diet and ways, and he received whatever the Dominie could add. "Ye say he 'would give up the bakery-business.' Well, he might. The old fellow's rich, man. He's got a pile o' money, just: heaps upon heaps! How would he help it? Never spend-

ing, and always saving. Doesn't he own all the old barracks and half of 'Rich Man's Rookery'? Here's the point, d'ye see? What first touched him was thinking he'd lost twelve hundred dollars by the man, Styvart (but he never lost it!); and then the Foxes pushing him, and then, on the top o' that, comes this picture! It's no wonder it's setting the man wild. Put you or me in his place" — So the two went on together, agreeing perfectly, the Doctor remarking, with satisfaction, that "the weather was taking up, and the Colonel would have good light to the books."

The two agreed that the man must be got away — absolutely, but not violently — from all that worried him: to Hank's farm would be a good move.

"Shall I tell you what I think about it?" the pastor asked. "The last-laid impression I would take off first, — that's the picture, — and I think I see my way to it; then the business; then the twelve hundred dollars."

"Why, man!" said the Doctor, laughing, good-naturedly, "ye'll make a clean sweep

of it; and the twelve hundred dollars, too! Whew! who's to raise twelve hundred dollars for Van Zandt, — for a loss that he never lost, too, don't ye see?"

"I think," said his friend, "we'll make the thing pay for itself."

"If ye'll teach me how to make what I lose pay for itself, I'll be the best parisher ye ever had, Dominie: there's my hand of it!" the Doctor said; "but, if ye get him the money, ye must get the land (for a hospital now, or an almshouse). Van Zandt was always honest, in his way. Now, I know ye, ye'll not think hard of me, if I begin with physic, where, I doubt, ye'll begin with prayer."

"Certainly," said the other: "I've begun what you call my way; but there won't be any rivalry: we can work together, as we have before now. Witness poor Styvart!"

"Ah! we did, indeed," said Dr. Campbell; "and it wasn't *my* doing did for him. — Well, I'll physic our friend Abram well, ye may be sure of that. Ye see it's gone to the man's head, and I'll bring it down to his belly; and

you shall work at his head all the while. And so we won't let them *hang* him (we can't help the drawing, they've *drawn* him already, — ye see the joke?); but we'll 'quarter' him between us, and we'll set him on his legs." ("God willing," said the pastor.) "And the job's to be *done* at once. As you say, this thing must be broken up."

They both agreed that the grandmother, with Patsy Chamberlain, could go on perfectly well, for a while, with the business; but then a bright young thing like that ought not to have the toil and anxiety of competition. Mr. Van Emerle spoke of the grandfather's project of marrying her to a young pastor.

"He told ye that, did he? and he didn't speak of any other marrying? The shyness of temporary madness! — d'ye see? *That's* not the whole of it! and pardon me now, Dominie, but I think she could do better than wed one of your cloth, — *in her case*, that is. Well, now, for the first thing (for I hear the Colonel very active overhead). It's hard making them take physic, when they're in that way; but I've got

him, in that coffee. And we'll give him a great shaking-up. I'll show him he's no painted man. The wife's not great for thinking; but, then, she's good for holding her tongue and minding her business (which is better), and she'll do as I bid her; for she's got your quality, — faith: she believes in me, Dominie. Now I'm going to confess to you. He fell down those steps, once, that lead to his back room, with a hemlock board over his shoulder. The board saved him, mostly; but a great splinter of it went in, just here, behind, and (will you forgive me now?) I made them think it was a bit of the spine of the vertebra, when I took it out. — Ah! here's our friend, the Colonel!"

Mr. Van Emerle, having finished his business and laid his plan, rose to go. "Pardon me one moment, sir," said the Colonel; and then, in parenthesis, explained that he had not been able to find the book, but he had found some prints, — very fine prints, too.

"It must be that the book isn't there," said Dr. Campbell; "but ye'll find the word as I tell ye."

Colonel Masker was again addressing the Dominie. "Now I wanted to say that this is a wonderful case, whether you call it metempsychosis" —

Dr. Campbell struck in: "Or palimpsychosis, or parenthetipsychosis, or" —

"Well, what you please," continued the Colonel, — "a most interesting case: why not follow it up, a little further?"

"Why not work out the problem, till he hangs himself?" said the Doctor. "No, no, Masker! ye're not so bad as that. We're going to get him out of that picture: we want Van Zandt."

"I think we can get one step further with him, in the picture, too," said the Dominie: "you shall see." So he went out.

The water was still running along the side-drains, the rain-drops glittered on all sides, and the green was fresh as if just made. It was hot; but a breeze was springing up. The walkers in the streets were picking their way (with dignity or daintily, according to age or sex) among the shallow puddles on the flag-

stones, here and there, or on the hollow planks ; windows were open, on all sides, into cool houses ; and the Dominie walked moderately, and in thought. At the corner of Fort Street, he looked down, and might have seen — for they were there — the usual two or three knots of wise-looking talkers and listeners. He went to his own house ; answering salutations, but stopping nowhere on the way.

He demanded plenty of light, and there came in such a mellow, moistened atmosphere as some of those Flemish painters seem to have dipped their pencils in. He took Van der Velde's admirable work from the mantel, set, as it was, in its most becoming old frame. He made the picture stand where the light fell best upon it. Then, standing nearer or further, he lost himself altogether, in looking into every part of it. "No wonder !" he said aloud : "one could look to see (before he bethought himself) the wind lift one of those branches, or the sunlight change upon the hills ! Why not one of these people set forth and walk home ? "

"Our friend, Van Zandt, seems to have an-

ticipated your question," said a voice, chuckling.

The Dominie started: it was Colonel Masker, who must have knocked, and have been admitted, and have entered this room, while its master was wrapped up in his thought, and who was now taking a good place for looking at the picture. "That's no tailor," said Mr. Van Emerle, as if thinking aloud.

"Then Van Zandt is living on false pretences," said the Colonel, chuckling again.

The Dominie continued: "No tailor ever cut his own clothes after that fashion."

"It's to be hoped he didn't often cut other people's so," said his visitor. "But I agree with you. This gentleman looks like what my friend, Vincent Le Ray, used to call 'a *chevalier de fortune*' or a '*voreang*.' He's fishing, I see." Colonel Masker gave a peculiar emphasis to three of his words, which distinguished them from ordinary English: a fourth word was unmistakably foreign, whether a term from natural history our readers must judge. Meantime, his host had come to a resolution. Asking Colonel

Masker to excuse him, and to make himself at home, he called to his daughter, and hurriedly left the house.

He found Peter Styvart's executor, and by him was directed to Jerry Valcknaer as the fit person to tell him about the dying man's message; "but," it was added, "Styvart didn't know any more about that picture than you or me!"

Valcknaer in his turn readily and intelligently explained. There were no "three messengers." He (Valcknaer), as the Dominie knew, was with Mr. Styvart all the last part of his life, and went to Van Zandt for him. There was nothing about any "tailor." Mr. Styvart said there was a likeness of Van Zandt in that picture, and so there is, of course; but he said the picture was worth Van Zandt's land twice over; and, if Van Zandt couldn't show sense enough to get well out of it, he might be hanged,—that was just the whole of it.

The pastor next sought old Mr. Van Zandt, who was "feeling very bad, and thought he couldn't feel much worse." Dr. Campbell had

been urgently sent for. The sick man was hugging himself about the stomach.

Dr. Campbell arriving glanced from the patient an intelligent and unfrightened look with some fun in it to the Dominie, and, holding one of the sick man's wrists, with watch before him, said: "His coffee disagreed with him? Ah! he won't be able to drink coffee, if this is the way it serves him. And he is to go into the country: there's no mistake about that. Hank's farm's the place for him."

The baker, trying to smile, objected brokenly that "maybe he'd have to carry out the man in the painting a little farther."

"Bother that man in the painting! They'll be carrying you out feet foremost, let me tell ye, if ye don't do as I bid ye. Here, Mistress! Patsy Chamberlain!" And he opened the door wide into the bakery, showing no Mrs. Van Zandt, but on the outside a very pretty figure of a girl, with a high color and very bright eyes, flitting about the green things on the trays like a bird or other graceful thing. Dr. Campbell, with a smile, holding the door open, watched her

till she suddenly left the sidewalk and came in. At the same moment a rattling of wheels was heard upon the cobble-stones of the street. "You didn't frighten that young man's horse?" he asked; but added directly (for Patsy looked frightened herself), "He's got a great many customers in Fort Street, I think, by so many times as I see him going through it." He looked to the Dominie. "Now this I've to say to ye, Patsy: the old gentleman's to go to the country, — to Uncle Hank's farm, you understand; and the old lady and you have got the business to see to, between ye. It's only for a little, ye know. We'll bring him back to ye. Where's Grandma? Here's a powder for him, in two hours, and another in two hours again, and so on till ye've given him the six. Not much in them," he said (looking for the Dominie, who had silently disappeared), "but just enough for him," he ended, looking at his patient. "I hear ye're beating the Foxes all to pieces," he added, — "that they'll have to knock under. Here's Patsy, carrying all before her! — and the old lady."

Patsy was looking up, inquiring and fluttered. "We don't want to hurt them," she said.

"Hurt who?" the Doctor asked, smiling.

"The other people," Patsy answered.

"Ah! 'the other people,'" he said, laughing and shaking his head. "She won't say the name now. Well, now, Mr. Van Zandt, ye're to go straight into the country, out to the turn-pike,—to Hank's. I'll come to ye, and we'll all come; but I won't answer for ye, if ye're here after to-day, mind. He'll over this cleverly after a bit." So he went, before the eyes of citizens on both sides of the street, more than one of whom, in a friendly way, joined him in his walk.

In the cool of the late evening, the Dominie, with Jerry Valcknaer, was having a good comfortable talk with Mr. Van Zandt, who sat, with a sick look, in the off-dock. The picture was set before them, with the light of a dark lantern turned upon it.

"He wa'n't a tailor?" Van Zandt asked.

"No tailor about him," said Valcknaer.

"*This is to be written down before the picture goes,*" said the Dominie, formally.

"Write it you, please, Doem'nie : my fingers are carrots and parsnips," said Van Zandt, without a hint of disobeying. "No? Well, where's the woman?"

Mistress Van Zandt shamefacedly declined plying her simple pencil in so high a walk of literature. Patsy, to the general acceptance, and to the grandfather's special satisfaction, took the office and wrote as bidden.

"About the hanging part?" asked Van Zandt.

Valcknaer answered the question readily: "If you was fool enough not to make something of that picture, you might be hanged."

Patsy smiled, but blushed, as she wrote.

The grandfather hurried to another question. "Well, what's *that man* doing?"

"Anybody can see," said the Dominie: "he's fishing from the bank of a canal; and" — this the good man said a little aside, and laughing — "he doesn't look as if he'd ever been at better business, either. Now, that you can try at Hank's. The picture goes to Albany tomorrow, I hope, and will bring its value. You

can try for black bass: they catch them down there. You can try it. I think you'll tire of it before very long; but it'll cure you."

Next day, before a little crowd, Mr. Van Zandt left the house-door in his son's wagon, taking a fishing-rod and tackle, and jesting with some of the neighbors over his new move.

Days went on. Now, at length, the old lady began to recover her calm good-nature and her broad smiles. The husband came in, a time or two, and was talked to cheerily by the women, who showed him that every thing was going well. Colonel Masker, who was something of a sportsman, had been out fishing in that part of the river in which his neighbor from the town was throwing an unpractised hook and line, and enjoying the sport. "He was very reticent," as the Colonel called it, "about every thing but country, and vegetables, and fishing."—As for Sam Roedeke, he often said, "We want a man around."

Some things the town was soon pretty clear in its mind about: that picture that took such hold of Van Zandt had been sold in Albany,

and had fetched a great price; and the one that bought it said he'd have it, if it cost his life (or something very strong); that the business was thriving under the women; and that the old man was turning out a great gardener. One thing the town had not yet made out: how Abram Van Zandt was to settle up his business. Patsy Chamberlain was growing thin: she was refusing one young dominie, somebody said, from Columbia County, just to go on with that business. Now the fact was that Patsy — but let us remember that this story is about the grandfather.

Dominie Van Emerle was walking toward Henry (or Hank) Van Zandt's, and smiled as he came upon a deserted fishing-rod, stretched over the river-bank and fastened with a stone. He found the old man doing some rather superfluous weeding. "The last of the picture!" said the Dominie, putting into his hand a check. "That's what Styvart meant by following it up rightly."

"Twelve hundred dollars!" said Van Zandt, after looking at the check for some time, in a

maze. "Well," said he, when he had gathered his thoughts, "this is from t'other fellow, Doem'nie." And he laughed a free laugh. "Only one of us here now!"

"Now, certainly," said the Dominie, "you can give that bit of land" —

"You're witness, Doem'nie, this is for Patsy's wedding."

"But you don't want to keep that ground now you've been overpaid for it by a dead man" —

"Oh, no! no, no!" said the other: "that's so, Doem'nie. This is better, — this is as good as the land, about. I'll give the land for that Lancaster schoo —" Here there was an interruption. A big man, who, from his dress and the hoe over his shoulder, might be supposed to belong on the farm, was laughingly bringing a trig but unaccountably bashful young man — Eben Fox, in short, but changed, somehow — toward the two elder people.

"Well, I'll go," said Eben, starting forward; and he came. "Mr. Van Zandt," he said, "I'm willing to go out of the business."

This sudden announcement was received by the baker — who had carefully folded and put away his check — with a very unsympathetic stare. "Please yourself," he said.

"Or I'll go into your shop for a journeyman."

"Maybe you best stay where you are," said the other, upon whom the dignity of long supremacy in his trade seemed strong at the moment. "I don't hear of the women wanting to hire."

"Oh, Grampa!" said a new voice suddenly, as Patsy came from some unseen place. "Gramma was saying, only to-day, if we just had a young man like" —

"What! *You* don't want him, Patsy? Did you know about it, Hank?" said the grandfather.

"It wouldn't be bad, would it, sir?" asked Patsy, looking at the Dominie. If we had a right, we could tell the reader how frank and winning her look was.

"It looks pretty clear," said Dominie Van Emerle; "and how can you do better? It'll make one business."

“Well,” said Mr. Van Zandt, “I didn’t think of it. Well, we can. Oh, well! you, Patsy,” — for Patsy was crying, — “go right home to your gramma (how ever you got out here!) Whatever she says, we’ll do it, I suppose. Come! it shall be as she says.”

Our business is not with the grand-daughter, nor with Eben Fox, although he went straight into Mr. Van Zandt’s shop, and became the chief person there: we must go on with our man whose strange likeness had gone, with the rest of the skilful figures and landscape of Van der Velde, where it was valued.

Abram Van Zandt lived on. He talked half laughingly, half mysteriously, about “t’other man,” as he sat smoking in his doorway, or with a knot of neighbors in the off-dock. People told the story of the picture; he told it himself; Westenvlieters gazed at him from the sidewalk across the street; and strangers, said to be from Albany or elsewhere abroad, stood often, buying or not buying, at his stand or in his shop, looking curiously at him and the rest. Sometimes these strangers, it was said, cried out

that "it was the strangest thing *they* ever knew." And all this time he lived on quietly.

To those who are curious to know whether he died like other people, and had his body in an honest graveyard, or whether he is still living, we can say only that we would tell all this with pleasure, but that the old man, having set off on a visit to his son in far-away Ohio, was never heard from beyond Pittsburgh or the Alleghany River.

What the picture had to do with him, every one must judge for himself.

MR. SCHERMERHORN'S MARRIAGE AND WIDOWHOOD.

Alors . . . le soleil brille, gaïement ; la brise parfume ; toutes les illusions, ces oiseaux du matin de la vie, gazouillent autour de nous ! Pourquoi s'envolent-elles, plus tard ? — SOUVESTRE, *Philosophe sous les Toits*, Chap. VI.

THOSE who knew Westenvliet, fifty years ago, must remember (but their hearts will give a little bound as they recall her) Grace Aylwin. Who of them cannot see her again, as she grew up through her pretty and winsome maidenhood, with everybody wishing good things to her ; and as with all her true, young heart she married ; and as, like a fair-tinted, light-floating vapor of the morning, she passed away before men's eyes. Our readers of the finer breeding in the town will not forget her, as with their own children she came to their own or their neighbors' houses, the gentlest and most graceful

of the little throng that carried laughter and frolic up and down the stairways and along the garden-walks. They can easily bring back with the name the glossy, waving hair, the deep and bashful eyes; the burst of laughter, harmless and fresh as the rippling of a brook; her flash of red confusion; the touching quickness and softness of her voice; and her lithe slight shape. How eager in her speech she was, and how suddenly still, among a troop of girls going through Hague Street to that day's famous school, in Bridge Way Avenue! The dealers of that time (many of them, after the safe fashion of the place, now retired and comfortable) can recollect what a pleasant way the child had at their counters, and that she was a graceful young thing as she passed before their doors.

The grandmotherly neighbors, too, who cherish all the memories and tell over all the stories of the town, like worthy Mrs. Van Schaack, or Mrs. Ten Eyck, or another one or two, will yet talk of the pretty English orphan. They tell one, as if it were going on now, how "she was always

afraid, and always trying not to be afraid of her hard old guardian, Philip Coerlies, that used to be the head of the bank in Classis Street. The poor child!" as they call her tenderly at that part of her life, "when Mrs. Swart (that lived in the large house at the corner of Vandewater Street) was consoling her, saying that 'her guardian, at any rate, would not steal her money, she'd get her own out of his hands with a handsome increase,' Gracie said, 'Oh! I'd give a great deal of money for only a little love.'"

Old Mr. Van Horne laughed (he that made so much money in forwarding). He said, "She'd find her money worth all the love Philip Coerlies could give her;" and Mrs. Swart turned and said, "Perhaps something better than that would come sometime."

To this day, as if it were happening now, the hearts of these cherishers of old memories enlarge themselves for a moment, to recall how when she was eighteen, and more loving and winning than ever, one time it came out that she was engaged to the best match in the town,—in fact, the only one that was good enough for

her, — she was engaged to be married to young John Schermerhorn, the lawyer.

And who in Westenvliet, or in a good many towns about it, has not heard the talk, and has not himself talked, about the riddle of John Schermerhorn's later life.

He was from the beginning of his manhood called "as likely a young man as any in the county," or, as the phrase went then, "in the two counties." He was of inherited good standing; and of course, in a town of that size, what is called "good blood" of several generations does not run in many channels. He was of decided character, of more ability than is common, and of a strong turn for study and even for research. Attorney-General Parsons, a friend from early life and all through life, has often repeated Mr. Schermerhorn's saying, "that a thoughtful, studious man, working upon men, must have a good, strong love to even him." "Schermerhorn," the Attorney-General said, "was the man for great love, and great work, too, of all the men I ever met; and he got it," he added, "if it didn't 'even' him."

It is not very long since Mr. Schermerhorn held a large place at the bar, and it must be easy to remind a generation which has not grown out of memory of that day when "long" John Schermerhorn (as he was called, only because he had a cousin who was short) was to be met oftener in his chambers and in conference with committees, and in very choice social gatherings, than in court rooms. A generation since, his mass of heavy hair was gray, his shoulders stooped a little, and his brows hung over; but, when he lifted his eyes and fastened them on one, what a depth of sadness showed itself through all the strength and thoughtfulness that was in them.

But our story is to be of his life away from that greater world, and so we ask our readers to go back with us to the days when, after he had been for two or three years in possession of his inheritance and the family-house; and some time after it had suddenly become known that Grace Aylwin and he were betrothed, the time was given out for the wedding. The house had been the show-house of all, for books and

pictures and things of all sorts, handsome and costly; but the young owner had not lived there. His sister, too, Mrs. Suydam, was staying in her widowhood in a Western town where she had lived. So the change that came upon the house, which had for several years past, under the care of an old couple, been kept only washed and scrubbed, and now and then aired, was as great as upon a living being coming out of a long fit of melancholy or absent-mindedness. Now a considerable number of respectable, leisurely neighbors were visiting it, to keep themselves informed of the changes going on. Our readers must give in a little to the homely ways of the place, nor think the less of young Mr. Schermerhorn and of Grace Aylwin that they, being refined (and rich, if that goes for any thing), were neighborly to their townspeople, and humored this frank and kindly curiosity.

The time was bright in Westenvliet when they were married. The girls — handsome and otherwise (we will not count them all up) who had gone out of their way into John Schermerhorn's way to let him know, beyond mistake,

how easily they were to be had, if he would have them — now all proclaimed to all the winds how glad they were that “John Schermerhorn had made that match of all matches: they had been only hoping that he would.” Only the lately married Mrs. Bleecker, who a little while ago, as Nellie Kearney, made so many visits here among her schoolmates in her girl-days, said that “Grace Aylwin was bright and pretty and elegant and sweet and every thing, but, after all, it was not exactly the match she would have expected John Schermerhorn to make;” and people said that Miss Nellie had wanted him herself. Grace Aylwin’s nearest friends, who had caught a little of that divine life that lifts the happy being, with wings unseen, were, more buoyantly than ever, flitting in and out of the shops and one another’s houses, wearing about them an air of delightful business, mixed, as it were, with a pretty mystery.

Grace Aylwin herself was just then, perhaps, the most important person in the town. Few eyes failed to see her; and seeing her more

thoughtful and earnest-looking, and at the same time more gentle and withdrawing than ever, every one said that whatever she did was just right. Young Mr. Schermerhorn, too, was more seen and talked of than before; and it was said that being in love "was going to make another man of him, — that he entered into things outside his books and his profession, and took hold of things with other people, more than any one could have thought was in him."

Doubtless, there were other marriages going forward; but from all that was said and done it might have been thought that this was the only match-making in all Westenvliet: it might almost have been thought that the whole community was going to be married in it. The heart of the worthy old town had grown — quietly and solidly after its way — astir; and when it was understood that Grace, according to the manner of the Church of her fathers, was to be wedded in the house of God, there was an understanding also that, although that custom had fallen out of use, the town meant to be within sight and hearing of all that was to be seen and heard.

It was a gentle, still October morning, when suddenly the clang of the bell was heard through all the streets, followed by as sudden stillness. The stillness was not broken afterwards, and the town wondered, until some boys, who claimed to have been eye-witnesses, spread everywhere the explanation that "little Easterly, the sexton, had begun a joyful salutation to the day with such vigor that the bell-rope, every few seconds, carried the unsubstantial ringer up to the ceiling. Then word came to him from Miss Aylwin and John Schermerhorn and Mr. Digges (which last was the rector, for boys always furnish ample authority in their stories) that they all wanted him to keep quiet; and they sent him a golden or a silver dollar, — the boys were not sure which." At this multitudinous instance, according to the boys' story, Easterly gave over his jubilant dangling in the air, amid the waves of clanging sound that swelled out from the old bell. "The money," Mr. Easterly assured his youthful witnesses, "was right,—that was right;" and he put it into his pocket.

"But being stopped in that way, — that!" he said, "was not right: it didn't look well. Of course he didn't mean any thing by that: of course there was nothing in it; only he meant it did not look right."

The sexton was somewhat consoled by learning afterward that such exultant noise as he had made was heard by many ears. The weekly newspaper had in its last issue described that bell with a strength of assertion and a particularity, which perhaps carried along even the very vestrymen who had before believed themselves to have bought it, as having been presented to this old church by William and Mary. Another authority, public rumor, taking up the tale and giving it a finish, asserted that the august hands of king and queen helped at the casting in London. Most people, therefore, were quite ready for its ringing on Miss Aylwin's wedding-day.

Its sudden clanging and its sudden stopping drew many a leisurely, thoughtful person to look out upon the quiet beauty of land and sky that day; and the earth seemed to be, as we often

are, enjoying mere life. They said it promised well.

All things were drawing toward the wedding. There were but three real coaches in the town at that time ; and of these one properly belonged a little way outside : but the three were, of course, all at the church that morning, more than once, and each set down at its door more than one load of well-dressed people. The throng of folk that came on foot and crowded all the pews and alleys, who could count ? The newspaper, as soon as it could get its weekly voice, proclaimed with all its might that "something short of a thousand were in and about the venerable pile."

As one after another the bridal party walked into the church, such words as are almost always said of brides flew, seemingly, of their own life from the lips of those who had been waiting near the door, and who made way to each side for Grace Aylwin and her company to pass. She was simply dressed, and so were they ; and, being so, the bride looked most lovely ; and Kate Van Cortlandt and Carrie Duncan looked beautifully ;

Jennie Yates looked beautifully, and Kate Schuyler, of Albany. It was said of them all that "they looked just pretty enough to be about that bride." That the gentle maiden in giving herself—for better, for worse, till death should part her from her husband—should be pale as snow, and that her modest eyes should be cast down, except when she lifted them to look into the priest's face in answering, and when, in making her promise, she gave one glance of steadfast and sure faith to him to whom she pledged herself to be true, seemed to all who could see it, or half see it, or even try to see it, as right as every thing else that she had done. The breathless stillness was remarkable. To be sure, the sound of the organ, strange to many who were there, had kept them at first looking back; then the priestly robes, and stately service, and solemn, old-fashioned forms and ceremonies were strange: but now all Westenvliet had before it what it had waited for,—this marriage. Every word of pledging and plighting and promising and blessing was caught up from the waves of sound into eager ears; and curious eyes watched

the old-time business of the ring, and solemn joining of hands.

At the end, some of the leading people found out what they seemed to take for a new phrase, and evidently took for a funny one: they did not soon tire of saying that the two were "pretty thoroughly married." Even the jerk with which Mr. Coerlies gave away the bride seemed to many a regular part of the process. Of course, this good-natured joke was said to the bridegroom by as many of the discoverers as found a chance, and the happy man answered pleasantly in the same strain, that "that was what he came for ;" and the answer was taken for a piece off the same wit from which they had cut their own phrase. Everybody was in good humor. Mrs. Suydam, his sister, who had come all the way from Buffalo, but had kept aloof, because of her deep widow's mourning, saluted bride and bridegroom, without tears.

Major Prout was thought to have done a very neat thing when he presented the new wife with a rose-bud and a courtly word or two of wish that "life might open before her as that open-

ing blossom." The words were repeated by others, as well as himself, and found their way into the newspaper.

As simple and pretty as the bride's dress was every thing. There was no heaped and unmeaning waste of the beauty and sweetness of flowers. Only single, white, half-open roses marked Grace and her companions. Along the chancel-rail indeed, without invading the altar, and over the outer door-way, were wreaths and garlands of fair roses and lilies ; and, when the wedding-party left the church, there stood raised upon slight props from either side, above the gravel-walk, just where the great elm used to spread over the way, a light, airy crown of flowers, from whose neighborhood the round and rosy Mr. Case¹ Barendt, a young lawyer, and clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, was retreating hastily, smiling, as if he had just set it up. None were suffered to go under it but the bridal couple. Then, by Mr. Barendt's direction, it was borne by the young groomsmen, to be set up in Mr. Schermerhorn's drawing-room.

¹ Diminutive for Cornelius.

Our Westenvlieters, like their foregoers across the sea, have always among them, floating on the tide of hereditary transmission, and likely to show itself anywhere, in any generation, a turn for pageants ; and it was understood that Simon Van Arsdale, the grocer, who had a name in this and several neighboring towns for shows on Fourth-of-Julys, had outdone himself, in planning for this happy day. So when Mr. Van Arsdale, who had taken his place near the church-door, was quietly withdrawing before any one else, he presently found himself attended by a good many boys and not a few young men. The Schermerhorn house was only a little way off, in Fort Street. The bridal party, without the affectation of getting into carriages, for a few steps, and out of them, were to walk ; so any little doubling or make-believe which the ingenious man might try in the short time would serve him little. His small crowd doubled with him, and all together came once more opposite the church, just as the marriage-party, headed by Mr. Case Barendt and the groomsmen with their high-arched crown of

flowers, were setting foot on the carpet (laid down by Mr. Joralemon, the merchant) to cross the street.

It was really holiday time: bride, bridegroom, the weather, the town, all were keeping holiday together. All people and all things seemed to belong to the young pair. For Grace, life seemed to be in her and about her, to use just as much and just as little of it as she chose.

The much-respected Arion Sodality, in the persons of Mr. Sickles, flutist, and Mr. Venables, violinist, each with a boy of moderate size, holding up his sheet of music, were stationed on Mr. Bradt's stoep, exactly in front, and were hastily giving each other a preliminary note, when Mr. Van Arsdale slipped into a back place in the procession. His "crowd," slackening its steps and stilling its sounds, in presence of the grace and elegance and wealth and authority of the town, accepted this turn of the hunt. One of its least voices began, under its breath, amid some gigglings of other small voices,—each uttering a share of the general gladness,—to call upon "Mister Ven'able" to "strike out."

How bright all things were that wedding-time ! The mellow warmth and sunshine of the weather, the trick of which the year had learned from early summer and changed but little for its present use, explained why the musical performers had sought the shelter of Mr. Bradt's doorway. The flute's notes had already begun to ripple over the air, and already the violin had sent its energetic raspings among all the drier and more angular aërial particles ; and already the fair bride, in passing, had paid the respectable neighbors — the musical sodality — the compliment of recognizing, with words and smile of equal grace, their melody as " The Ingleside for me," when the attraction of the moving current made itself felt upon the young holders of the music-sheets, to draw them off from duty to the kindred boyhood in the crowd.

The young married couple and their train of friends were moving happily onwards, before Mr. Van Arsdale was missed ; but then the firm and authoritative bearing and official weight of Constable Hopper, added to the aforesaid presence of wealth, beauty, and dignity in the pro-

cession, prevailed on the small crowd watching Mr. Van Arsdale's movements to follow quietly, if a little impatient, in the rear. It was but a little time to wait; for in a moment or two, almost, after leaving the much-respected members of the musical sodality to get on as they might, without their notes and without listeners, the wedding-party were at the end of their walk. The house, always substantial and roomy, and handsome, now showed a festal openness from eaves to cellar, and from end to end; while the one-storied "office" at its side shared, as far as its size allowed, in all the gladness and glory.

It must be thought that the chief persons in the procession would like to get home as quietly as possible; but they lingered, good-naturedly and gracefully—having so large and rich a life now put into their possession, on which they were just entering—for the ingenious Mr. Van Arsdale's performance. There the father of pageants was already,—a substantial, large-whiskered, fresh-complexioned man, in a state of good-natured astonishment. All gazed; the young bride smiled through blushes; and the

bridegroom, happy as in a thorough holiday from all law and learning, riding at the very top of the tide of life, was ready to laugh, and looked to her to see if laughing was the right thing. The little crowd were open-mouthed and wondering. The round sun, with that kindly, patient look that he wears after the great work of the year is done, was standing over.

So happy were all things,—so happy! May we linger in them?

“Well, now I declare, if that doesn’t beat every thing!” said the inventor of festal shows. “I’m ’most a mind to let him stay just as he is,—he’s so pretty. You see what he is, don’t you? He ought to be awake with his little bow drawn up; but isn’t he pretty?”

There was a murmur of approval among a few women who were gathering.

“Oh, the little angel!” cried a Mrs. Flitch who had drawn near. “When he comes down, let me have him!”

“What can it be?” another asked. “Is it a real live one? Won’t he catch cold?”

“Flesh-colored tights, marm,” said the inventor, in a stage whisper.

Mr. Van Arsdale's show, as it now stood, was made up of a little, curly, chubby boy, on a staging all trimmed with cloth and ribbons, under the gable-roof of the office. The child had no appearance of clothing upon him, except a silken band by which he was fancifully secured: one filmy, gauzy butterfly-wing was in sight, growing out of his shoulder, and a lesser one from an ankle. He lay with one little knee drawn up in the air, and his head rolled over on one of his soft arms, while the other was stretched carelessly across his breast, beside the bow which had fallen out of his sleepy grasp. In short, he looked and was lying just as a painter would like him, but as no man, for his life, could have put him, or made him look.

The good-natured inventor of shows, without a doubt that the world would wait for him, proud of his success, spoke from the land of fact into that of fancy, which in simple places can be kept very near, "Here, little man! here's your arrow. You've got to shoot somebody, you know."

The bride, the bridegroom, all the good

people, smiled expectantly; and the sleeper awaking, abashed but roguish, twanged his bow-string hurriedly. The bride instinctively drew aside; the bridegroom, laughing, held up his hand, as if to catch the arrow: there was a noisy flutter of females away from the very harmless-looking weapon; but the archer, with his childish aim, shot no one,—he brought to the ground the topmost and largest of the many-colored lamps hung up for the evening's illumination.

Mr. Schermerhorn, Mrs. Schermerhorn, Mrs. Suydam, the tender widow, all the good people, hastened to console the archer: only one voice was heard, saying something like "omen" or "ominous;" and this Mr. Van Arsdale answered with a cheery assurance that a prettier lamp would be up in a moment. No one in the good old Dutch town troubles himself with auguries until they have proved true. So Mr. Van Arsdale only hurried his other piece, because, as everybody knew, a special four-horse coach from Mr. Henry's was to come at one o'clock to take the young people the first stage of their wedding journey to Buffalo.

If we have lingered over the memories of that time, which with its few pretty, simple surroundings our elder people can remember tenderly, we have not done as much by it as we would ; but now we will trim our sails, and try to make better headway.

The bride, smiling graciously, and the bridegroom, submissively, were stationed under Mr. Barendt's crown.

Our readers can for themselves, even if they are no Van Arsdales, fancy how the allegoric Four Seasons were attired, and how they presented to the fair young wife a Poem, which they would have sung, if they had dared. In place of singing, — when, after some homely urgency, he found that he could not have it, — Mr. Van Arsdale took it upon himself to read it.

"A CAROL FOR THE YOUNG WIFE.

Come forth, thou pretty bride ! With dainty feet
Tread thy fair world, where sun-driven shadows fleet.
This earth is thine, with thine own sky above ;
And these thy flowers, wherewith the earth blooms love.
Come forth, where all things wait !

See ! this is not the world where thou wast born ;
This is no world thou sawest, yesternorn :
The mead, the water, rock, and height, and tree,
A new life wear, this day, sweet bride for thee !
Come ere the hour wears late ! ”

“ I ’ll keep those verses as long as I live,” said the bride, taking them from the reader, and hurrying away with them in her hand : — “ and your crown,” — prettily remembering Mr. Barendt.

“ Let ’s have a new one, every year till we get tired ! ” he answered.

“ Time, you ’ll wait a minute,” said Mr. Van Arsdale to a figure very old, with a frightful scythe, which he was funnily cautioning everyone to beware of. “ She ’ll be back directly ! ” While Time and the rest waited, Mr. Van Sandtvoordt, the editor asked, —

“ Who did you get to write that poem for you ? ”

“ Nobody,” was the answer.

“ What ! *you* don’t mean to claim it ? ” the editor asked again, laughing.

“ Colonel Masker ? ” suggested Mr. Parsons.

“ No, he went down to New York, before I

got it. You remember that tall, sick man, two years ago" —

The old-fashioned sound of a "stage-horn" here startled everybody; and, looking round, they saw that not only the wife had not come back, but the husband, too, was missing.

"There they go! Hurrah!" was the cry from the open windows, through which many necks were stretched, while there was a rush also for the door.

Mr. Van Arsdale was this time a little disconcerted: "Father Time was going to grow young, and break up his scythe, and lay the pieces at" —

The editor broke in: "Student from the academy, isn't he? He'd better be about it, I should say. They're going to eat, — d'ye see Mr. Van Cortlandt? Let him lay his pieces at *my* feet. I'll touch him up in 'The Mirror.'"

So under the quiet presidency of Mr. Schermerhorn's uncle, prompted and helped by Mr. Case Barendt, the company was soon devouring heartily.

Letters were costly, and a long time coming and going in those days; but letters enough

came to Miss Kate Van Cortlandt, and Carrie Duncan, and Mr. Barendt, and Mr. Parsons, to keep the town in talking. Editor Van Sandtvoordt, moreover, took more than one chance to publish, under the heading of two Cupids, a bulletin from the "Tour of J—— S——, Esq., and Mrs. S——." She was an eager traveller, and, as young brides do, found every thing fresh and delightful or funny; and he wrote as if every thing, almost, had the interest of discovery. Descriptions of people met and things seen, where few, in that day, travelled; sketches from the deck of a packet-boat on the canal; from a stage-house at the foot of a hill, or on a valley's side; from one of the lesser lakes; from the Genesee country,—showed the quickness of Grace Schermerhorn's eye and hand. Some one, in reading this, may be reminded how a very dear*hand once did pretty work of that sort, under his own fond eye, on just such a journey. He will understand how the husband added to what she wrote his postscripts, thoughtful or lawyer-like or wise; and illustrated with caricatures, meant or not meant, in pen-and-ink. So the

town got its glimpse of the happy life begun by John Schermerhorn's marriage.

One of the freshest, funniest, and most delighted letters was from Mrs. Suydam's house, in Buffalo, which had been left at their disposal, and where the new wife made her first experiment of housekeeping. Ah! what a glow of delight, what hues of romance, clothed every thing! and how she, brimming full and overrunning-full of fresh life, gave life of every sort, merry or pitiful, to all sorts of things she wrote of! But letters were few and slow, and their townsmen were a little restless to have the travellers home again; for the tide of interest which had gone so high did not, we may be sure, settle suddenly down. The bridesmaids and other wise females "were sure that Grace would hurry home to her own house." Mr. Cornelius Barendt "knew that John Schermerhorn wouldn't be long satisfied away from his work;" and Mr. Parsons, who was older, "did not believe that his business could get along without him." Old Mr. Van Horne, the forwarding-merchant, laughed heartily at the notion of Mrs. Scher-

merhorn's or anybody else's finding any beauty in those Western towns, "He had been through Buffalo, when there was nothing of it, and knew it, 'terrace' and all. As for business, it might some day come along, somewheres after Westenvliet; but, for beauty, you might as well compare a muck-heap to a meadow."

If mails were slow, time did not lag to suit the loitering of men's contrivances. All the vacation that the young lawyer would allow himself ran out; and, before the last of their letters came, Mr. and Mrs. John Schermerhorn had joined their life to the current in Westenvliet, and thrown into it a great increase of strength and volume. Now, the handsome old house in Fort Street was cheerier and more elegant than even that excellent authority, the venerable Mrs. Marselus, remembered it: it seemed to take a new touch of beauty daily. Visitors came from the neighborhood and from abroad; and, sometimes together and sometimes alone, Mr. and Mrs. Schermerhorn visited. Sometimes, in walking out, she would go through the garden, passing his office; and he would give her his arm to the garden

gate or into the street ; or only, perhaps, take a flower from her hand and pin it upon her bosom, as she went by his door. At one time, he might be seen, for a moment, in her garden or conservatory, reaching up where she could not ; at another, standing, with the door half-open, while he listened to her music, before going out, or at her side turning over the leaves, as she played.

All these things the town in some way saw or heard, and it was content with them.

"They ought to be fond of each other, and all the time he was working harder than ever," people said.

"Why, sir !" said Major Prout, "I went into his office, t'other day, to take a cigar and talk over that move of President Adams, and what Clay said ; and, if you 'll believe it, somehow he didn't give me a chance to get out my flint and steel, — positively, he didn't ;" and the major laughed approvingly.

Every thing began happily with them ; and as Westenvliet, like most other places, is a wise place, and draws conclusions, it did not fail to mark that the Schermerhorns, who belonged to

it and brightened its life, were of account in the greater world outside. The townsmen saw not only the pastoral feet of honest Rector Digges wearing off their due share of stone from the same stoep which the reverend Petrus Van Emerle trod with friendly and familiar steps ; but they saw that men of both parties, from Governor Clinton down, in passing through, exchanged courteous words with their Mr. Schermerhorn, or sent a courteous message to him, as well as District-Attorney Parsons, Mr. Schermerhorn's elder. They saw, too, that the Schermerhorns were visited by old and influential families from larger places, coming in their own carriages.

Most of the townspeople might be unable to understand how a rich young man, of Westenvliet birth and belonging, and married to a very lovely wife, — being also rich enough to do any thing or nothing, as he chose, — should choose to do so very hard head-work, and should exult in it, as their young Mr. Schermerhorn, before their own eyes, assuredly did. So, too, much of Grace Schermerhorn's light and dainty ele-

gance was of course lost upon the comfortable burgesses and their wives and daughters, who made up a large part of the solid population of the town; but the young husband and wife were generally accepted as a credit and ornament to Westenvliet. The class that here, as elsewhere, did the general reflecting and moralizing, like Major Prout and his associates and Dr. Campbell; and the distributors of general opinion, such as Mr. Van Horne and others, who, though not absolutely within, were sometimes inside and sometimes outside the narrower arctic circle of society; and the men that gave a kindly turn to every thing, like Mr. Case Barendt, — all agreed about the Schermerhorns. Such men as Mr. Henry, the tavern-keeper and stage-coach proprietor, who stood for some hours daily at the corner by the Commercial Hotel (not his own house) discussing and interpreting the floating news and opinion, strengthened and spread the general estimate; for people of all sorts and conditions, passing at that corner, took severally, there, their shares of the gossip and politics, just as in front of Van

Zandt's bakery they breathed the moist, sweet smell of fresh bread and cake.

"Rising man?" said Mr. Van Horne. "Of course he's a rising man! Where a man has got good abilities and every kind of a chance, and sets a mark for himself and works straight on, he's going to get it!"

"The greatest ornament of this town!" said Major Prout; "and was there ever another such a little lady as our Mrs. Grace? Every thing she does as prettily as if she'd been born to do nothing else!"

Mr. Case Barendt said, —but this not at street corners, of course, — only to such friends as Mr. Parsons, — "Wasn't it a good day when those two fell in love?"

Mr. Henry put the case in this light, among others, "From all he could make out, it was their Mr. Schermerhorn when a thing was to be just right. There were older heads, there was Whiteside, great lawyers and all that, on that Bridge case; but, after all said, it was Schermerhorn was working up the law."

So, with many different voices, public opinion uttered itself pretty harmoniously.

Does any one remember the liveliness of that winter? and how the happy, broad-browed, true-eyed, and pleasant-voiced young thing (as she was), Grace Schermerhorn, gave ever new pleasure and received new praise as a hostess at her own house and a guest at other peoples'? Can any one recall John Schermerhorn, as he might often have been seen for part of an evening, at one of the hearty, hospitable gatherings of that winter, standing in a doorway (or a window or a corner, it might be), the centre of a group of the wiser men, or the thinking men (or whatever they counted themselves), or talking with two or three lively ladies; his great black head and deep-looking eyes, and the smile that now and then went quietly over all his face? If any one recalls him, he will remember how it was said that Mr. Schermerhorn, wherever he was and with whomever talking, was conscious of his wife's presence, and drawing a quiet delight from it. And who cannot remember that lovely glance of Grace Schermerhorn, now and then, to where her husband stood; and how she danced and talked very often for him,

though not very often with him? And yet, withal, neither showed any foolish weakness.

Ah! how prettily (we will not say witchingly, for there was no trick in it), and with what a modest dignity, she went through the cotillon or the country dance with Major Prout, or District-Attorney Parsons, or the Honorable Mr. Gourgas, or honest Mr. Case Barendt, or any one! and how kindly she complimented the more ambitious dancers among the gallant bachelors or sprightly married men, so that they might almost think that not one of their strong or limber flings, or sweeps, or twirls in the English hornpipe, or Scotch or Virginia reel, had gone unseen by all bright eyes, or had failed to be appreciated!

So the winter went on; those hearty, old-fashioned parties growing thicker and brighter, like shooting-stars, as Christmas with its attendant holidays drew near. The town was too small, of course, for more than one uppermost society; and, in that one, religion made no barriers. Our good, old-fashioned "Reformed Protestant Dutch" folk (to use their own religious desig-

nation) were a comfortable, friendly race, with nothing of that rancorous, pharisaical bigotry that marks certain other religious bodies of the time, — the Donatists and Pelagians and Montanists, for example. As their first hymn had for one of its titles, in the index, "The good old way," and its first stanza started off from the words "Substantial comfort;" and as they had thirty or forty or whatever number of stanzas in their hymns, set off into five, or six, or seven parts, to take them leisurely, — so were they not disinclined to take all comfortable things comfortably. They had set up New Year's Day for sending gifts and drinking punch at everybody's house; and if they had abolished the sacredness of Easter and Christmas and Twelfth Day and Whitsuntide, and the rest of the great Church-days, still they had indulgently suffered the jovial keeping-up of holidays at the old times in one shape or other to linger, with such old names as Paas and Pinkster, among themselves and their negroes. Moreover, no true Dutchman was ever known to decline a Christmas present on the ground of its not com-

ing on the right day. So, except in that experience with the Puritans in Holland, they were always an easy race to get along with. They were of old ever friendly to the Church of England, and used to pique themselves on having a liturgy and the Apostles' Creed themselves. Now, good society, having by that sense which accepts axioms taken the young Mrs. Schermerhorn for a becoming leader, Dutchmen and Churchmen, and whoever else were of "position," mingled in honor of her, and for their own sake, parties and sleigh-rides; and combined, of course, in occasional public "entertainments," for various ends. If there had been any religious jarring, the foot-quickenings of violin, or concert of violin and flute, or of violin, flute, and piano, would have made for peace; and the promiscuous, flying feet of all the fashion and elegance and merriment of Westenvliet would have danced over and brushed out all unsubstantial lines of separation.

So that pleasant winter sped, till grave and sober Lent came in, just when Thrift was ready to side with Religion in slackening the gayeties.

And the young wife was growing better known and better liked all the time; and everybody was saying that John Schermerhorn was worth half as much again, since he was married. And who does not recollect how pleased the uncle, Mr. Simon Van Cortlandt, was (and every one else, except, perhaps, Mr. Coerlies and his likes) with "little Gracie's round of cripples and widows"? Had any one ever expected before to see John Schermerhorn going the same round, although he had always been ready to put his hand into his pocket, with a little joke, when good people asked him for charity? Then, too, what a pretty story that was about Grace Schermerhorn learning her husband's profession! He never heard a word from her about the law, after he had checked her ambition, one day, by telling her that "one lawyer in the family was enough," till, in the course of two or three months, he met, in his own parlors, one after another, so many white-leathered volumes of law-books, from Blackstone to Chitty and Rawle, all bearing his friend Parsons's name, that he could not hinder himself from finding out, at

last, how his own little wife had grown as proficient in the law as ever was Bassanio's Portia; and then how glad he was of it! and how proud of her, when she said, "And we're only '*one* lawyer in the family,' after all, are we?"

Then spring began to try its breath on grass-plots and trees in the town, and the river to show in its reflection the greening, conscious-looking clumps of willows, and boys to play marbles and peg-top on planking and brick-walks and flagging-stones, all almost before any one was ready for them. In the "slack" time between the two seasons, active-minded young people—and especially of these some who had been young a good while—had begun shaping out a little mystery. They said that in the midst of the late gayeties, and still more since the season was over, the young wife had been often seen with her eyes fixed, and her thoughts so far withdrawn that it was necessary to recall her. Then, with a laugh more winning even than that of old, she exclaimed at her own forgetfulness. Now it could not be (they said) that at those times she was always think-

ing about her husband, though it must be confessed that never were husband and wife more taken up with each other,—and in the right way; but this looked as if she had some presentiment or foreboding. It was said that her mother or father had been subject to some sort of “melancholy.” These wise conjectures found no favor with Gracie’s chief friends, such as Miss Carrie Duncan and Miss Jeanie Yates, or any other of them; and when they were uttered, one evening, at a sewing-party at good Mrs. Marselus’s, Mrs. Simon Van Cortlandt, or Mrs. Swart, or some one of the elders, looking at the other matrons as at those who shared with her in the possession of pass-keys to the store-houses of wisdom and experience, said “that was nothing strange,—that would all come right, by and by.”

Mrs. Grace was out, with that breathing spring, showing how her flower-beds (that afterwards were so beautiful) were to be made, and putting her own hand to many a creeper or climbing rose about the walls of her husband’s office.

The summer went by; and, as it went, the neighbors had come to the understanding that during the summer Grace Schermerhorn was going again over the ground of her happy wedding-journey to the West, and was to make another stay in Buffalo, where she had made her first glad trial of housekeeping.

As the season passed, stage-coaches were driving, with flourishing and snapping whips, up to the doors of the town's hotels; the canal was thronged with packet-boats and freight-boats; and its banks lined with quietly changing little throngs of on-lookers. Then, early on one fine day in July, when the neighbors were congratulating themselves and one another that "there was not a much better place to be in, through the hot weather, than under the trees of the old town, because a breath of wind always came down the river, of a summer's day," a crowd gathered at the dock, of a different hue from the common, and the Schermerhorns were going. John Schermerhorn would not trust his wife, this time, to a stage-coach for any part of the journey; and had made careful provision, in

many ways, for her comfort and amusement in the easier passage by the great canal.

Whoever remembers Tom Curley, of fifty years ago, with his trim packet-boat, and his yellow dog, and the new broom set up for a standard, or emblem, at what, in sea-phrases, he called "the for'ard companion-way;" and whoever remembers Curley's special fancy for Westenvliet people,—he having been born, or brought up, here,—will understand why his packet, the "Mary Ellen," was chosen for this four-or-five-days voyage.

Boats of all kinds were passing this way and that. The sun, overhead, was steadily pouring down his heat; while the valley-breeze, below, was busy, running through and scattering it, for the comfort of the townsfolk. The uncle, Mr. Van Cortlandt, a plain, old-fashioned gentleman, as we have seen him, was there at the going off, seated comfortably in the shade of Harvey's "Great Canal Store." Curley's horses, while the packet waited, were diligently munching. Mrs. Schermerhorn was already seated, under a tiny awning, with a little crowd of zealous young

ladies and warm-hearted matrons near, and was giving a laughing account of anticipated events of the voyage. Major Prout had gallantly carried the lady's shawl on board; and while the Honorable Mr. Gourgas presented, "for Mr. Schermerhorn's entertainment, but of course," as he said, "for Mrs. Schermerhorn's amusement also," the fan which he had been using on his dignified walk, and which he described as "a document issued in the public service," and while he was taking his leave, Mr. Case Barendt, good man, with a parcel under one arm, which he said was from Mr. Parsons, who was away in Albany, and a parcel under the other arm, which he said nothing about, set himself to see to the bestowal of some things of his own, and all the other things, indeed. Young James Van Cortlandt, from the law-office, was moving about among the girls with the gravity of a future counsellor.

Mrs. Schermerhorn warned Captain Curley that "he must put up a notice that his boat was full, or her friends would never cease bringing good things." "Suggested," said Mr. Van

Sandtvoord, the editor, in a low voice (for he was there, with the rest), "by that present of Mr. Gourgas. Mr. Schermerhorn is to have that, and not you," he added, as the busy young lawyer, last, but not late, came up, casting a quick glance at Grace, and with a determined holiday-look in his face.

There was a little air stirring, though the day was hot; and every thing was pleasant. But some needless tears were bursting forth, and Miss Carrie Duncan was quite overcome. So Mr. Barendt, with his cheery voice, began to talk, and said that "he had always wondered how Cowley (wasn't it Cowley?) was going 'to forsake the ship, and seek the shore, when the winds whistle and the tempests roar.' He believed that such a craft as Curley's" —

"Did you say Curley wrote that poetry, Barendt?" asked the editor.

"Was the only one where that piece of seaman-ship *could be* practised;" and, as he spoke, he stepped out on the dock: for, though there were no bellying and flapping top-sails to give warning of departure, there had been a

moderate little bustle, and one helper, at an order from the commander, had "cast off the stern-fast," and another was leading the horses round to their place.

"I shall risk the storm inside, in such a case, Gracie," said the husband, "though there are Neptune's own steeds, to borrow from, for the flight. The worst storm that ever blew wouldn't be so bad in it as on shore, would it?"

The wife laughed at Curley's nags representing Neptune's, and said, "No: when you run away, we'll choose a pleasant day for you, John, — not whistling winds and roaring storms."

"Change one word," said the literary man, who had not heard Curley's warning, "Sorry to lose you, ladies and gentlemen," which had sent every one else to the dock, "and you'll make Barendt's quotation fit, and make sure of a good shelter, too: 'Forsake the ship, and seek a store.'"

At this moment, finding the boat already in motion, the editor cut off his speech, and with pleasant laughter from all sides he scrambled out to the safe and solid old town; Barendt

cautioning him that "'store' was an equivocal word, and he must be careful about putting his own advice in practice."

Grace Schermerhorn was grave at the parting.

"He's to bring you back in time for that anniversary, mind!" said Mr. Barendt.

Then kisses were thrown, and handkerchiefs waved, and last words called out; and then, with her blue eyes dry, the young wife, like a sensible woman, went out of sight. Then our friends who were to stay at home scattered slowly in different directions, fanning themselves or wiping their faces.

It was said that Mr. Schermerhorn could hardly get away, even in the middle of summer, and had made arrangements, a month since, to be brought back, "post-haste, inside of two days and a half," as Mr. Barendt expressed it.

Again public report was right; for in about a week Mr. Schermerhorn, before any one was stirring but a housemaid or two, knocked at his own door, and was at home again for his work. The public head nodded sagaciously toward him. "Vacation of courts gave him," as the

public voice said, "no respite this time, if it ever did. There was that great Bridge case, that had been on so long, — the weight of it was going to come on him; and that case of Brierly Brothers, of Albany, against Johnson, where there was great cheating somewhere, and great perjury somewhere, — he was to work that up. Whiteside and these old lawyers could afford to lie off, when they had such a man with them." His ways were so well established now, and so well known, that his neighbors boarded him for information only when he was met in the street. The town knew on the first day that he had left his wife in excellent spirits and well. The lawyer had not lost, and was apparently determined not to lose, the good habits which he had been growing into since his marriage. Not only he sought out his wife's beneficiaries, as before; but in the evening, by snatching short visits to one house and another, where the families, after the neighborly Dutch custom, were all to be found on their front stoeps, in those pleasant hours he kept everybody saying what a delightful man he was, if he could only find time for society. He talked

of himself like an old man: he did not profess to be overwhelmed with work. "Every man with a business," he said, "was busy, if he meant to do it; and it was harder to hang heavy round one's self with nothing to do." He expected to be coming and going, now and then, between Buffalo and home, and to bring his wife back in a month or two. He did not know whether to wish for the telegraph that carried messages from Paris to Strasburg in six minutes and a half or not: our means of moving our bodies are so slow, that we might suffer more than we should gain. Mr. Van Horne said "that it was very well that young man had plenty of work: if he hadn't, he'd be as crazy as a loon."

Suddenly it was found, one day, that he had gone in great haste and without warning. Mr. Henry, the stage-coach proprietor, had taken more pains than he had ever taken in his life to help him through to Buffalo, and believed that there would be no mistake. So the friends and public waited for news. Nothing was heard from him or of him: people grew anxious. Mr. Van Horne, at Mr. Henry's corner, tried to

laugh it off. "These women are pleasant play-mates," he said; "but they waste a great deal of a business man's time. He's so taken up with his wife now, that he can't find a chance to write. They're making sketches of Buffalo."

The broom-corn was looking its best, in the meadows; cherries were gone; strawberries were gone; people were eating early apples: and no news came from week to week, and, stranger still, no answers came to letters. Kind-hearted neighbors could not make themselves or one another believe that "no news was good news."

Young Jemmy Van Cortlandt, who was in Mr. Schermerhorn's office, knew nothing whatever of happenings or plans; Mr. Case Barendt knew no more; Mr. Van Cortlandt, the uncle, had no information; Mr. Coerlies assured every one that he had no means of intelligence: no one was wiser in the matter than another. As time went on, however, the general feeling, instead of growing heavier, grew lighter; for it was reasoned that the likelihood was that John Schermerhorn had been waiting to bring his

wife back. Soon, the good-natured citizens began to watch the stage-coaches and canal-packets, and to hold occasional conferences with Mr. Henry, the owner of the lines of stage-coaches; caught Tom Curley in passing, and John Henderson, and Sam Adams, and Harry Adams, and other masters of boats on the canal, and gathered from them what information they could; but nothing nearer to the point was gained than that "it had been a very healthy season all the way out West."

Mr. Van Arsdale, the successful contriver of shows, gave out, hesitatingly, that he thought "he would get up a little something for the Schermerhorns' coming back. The Arion Sodality would help."

"I think I wouldn't, this time," Mr. Case Barendt said, when he heard it.

"Oh!" said Mr. Van Arsdale, "I don't mean a show, not a public show: they wouldn't like that, of course."

"I think I wouldn't, this time," Mr. Barendt repeated, in a tone perhaps more serious than he intended.

Nothing more was said. The public feeling, having nothing to support it, changed from hope to fear.

Whether there be ways of touching, by the huge effort of one soul, or of drawing, by its intense, craving need of sympathy, a kindred soul, may not be said or gainsaid, with such knowledge as we have; but, without written or spoken word from Buffalo, a chill began to creep through the summer's air, and a gloom began to darken the bright sky. Carrie Duncan grew fairly into a state of terror, and sought of elder people everywhere, from Rector Digges to Mrs. Marselus and Mrs. Swart, comfort from their experience. Major Prout was not seen in his usual walks; but Mr. Case Barendt, kind-hearted man, while he rebuked alarm and anxiety, looked really sad and worn himself.

"He hadn't heard any thing," he said, "in all these three weeks, or more: perhaps there was nothing to write; and then a good deal might have been going on that people here, of course, could not know about."

It was on a Saturday evening, in October, that

Mr. Barendt, with District-Attorney Parsons (as he then was), was walking through Hague Street, when, at the corner where Fort Street crosses and the dim oil-lamp showed little but itself, the two stopped to talk, though the night was drizzling as well as dark. It was a moment only before Barendt—as the gleam of a lantern, moving slowly, was seen a little way off—almost thrust his friend away, saying abruptly, “Good-night!” and hurried up the cross street toward the church. Mr. Parsons followed him fast, and called after him, but could not overtake him, and soon came to a silent stand, as he could see, in the dim, drizzling rain, that the other had come to a stand before him. Close at hand might be seen in the gloom the still more gloomy shape of a hearse. Noah Easterly was the only undertaker in the town.

The church-yard gate was open: a misty light shone through. “Barendt!” said the attorney, in a hurried whisper; but no answer came. At the same moment, as if moved by a single impulse, the two went forward, and, taking their places at each post of the gateway, stood side

by side, touching each other, but without a word. Inside, there was enough to fix all their attention. Three or four persons, among whom the white, glimmering robes of the clergyman could be seen by the lantern, had just reached a grave in which a light was hanging, and from which shovels full of earth were still hurriedly thrown upon a heap.

"Stop! stop! You're deep enough! You must be deep enough!" a voice cried, evidently broken with grief; and the grave-digger, putting out his shovel before him, came forth.

Case Barendt laid hold of his friend, as if he would drag him to the ground. "This is Simon Van Arsdale's pageant!" he whispered hoarsely in his ear. "Oh! to think of it!"

"Man that is born of a woman," said the priest, "hath but a short time to live." Poor Barendt sank — almost dropped — upon the wet soil, and bowed himself over it. Presently, with a low moan, he started up, and squeezing Parsons's hand hurried away.

"Not to-night!" he said to his friend, who followed and tried to speak to him. "I can't,

to-night!" and he was soon lost in the rain and darkness. Mr. Parsons went quickly back; and, standing in the gate-way, listened, as the committal to the earth and the prayers followed. The lantern showed the pinched face of Easterly, the sexton; and the book and features of the rector, reading. The person who had before spoken did not stand always still, with the rest, but (as well as could be seen by the narrow light) walked to and fro short distances, and seemed to wring his hands. The Burial Service, meantime, went on with a steady flow, as of a stream of deep love and hope and solace. So intensely solemn and pathetic was the scene that the unbidden on-looker, at the gateway, was almost caught by the funeral company coming away; although they had stayed till the last sod had been laid upon the grave, and the whole smoothed over. There were but four of them, with the grave-digger; and, in a moment more, the shutting of the churchyard gate might have been heard, and the lantern, with the hearse, moved away.

The next day, Sunday, was a rainy day also,

and all trees were dripping, and the bells had a heavy sound. At St. Paul's, the sexton was not to be seen; his place being taken by an occasional helper, and he could not answer any questions. Mrs. Easterly was ready to tell all she knew, and added something to the material for conjecture, but made nothing clear. "Her husband," she said, "had been called away hurriedly, by the rector, the evening before, and had not since come back. He had sent word that he should be gone twenty-four hours."

Every thing helped to fill people with a startled craving to know what had happened and was happening.

The church had a great many people in it, notwithstanding the weather; some — as Mr. Cornelius Barendt, of the Dutch Choir — beside the regular worshippers. Over them all, there seemed to be a sort of expectancy, as one might see by the many looks turned backwards toward the door. Mr. Barendt kept his eyes straight before him. Perhaps there had been no change in his dress; but, somehow, to the first glance, he gave the impression of being in

deep mourning. The state of the congregation seemed almost to infect Rector Digges himself, or else some weight and constraint were upon him. His voice was not like itself; and, in the giving out of the First Lesson, it was observed that he first said, "the twentieth verse of the fifteenth chapter,"—from the Burial Service. Nothing came for all the glances turned to the door. The services went through, and there was a sermon, perhaps more than usually solemn; but the only specially noticeable thing was the putting off of some little society or other, which was to have met, during the week, at the parsonage.

As Mr. Cornelius Barendt walked toward the door, with Mr. Parsons, he raised his eyes once, and looked earnestly toward the corner of the church where the Schermerhorns had their usual place. No one was there.

Many of the more prominent ladies walked up to the vestry-room, and waited in the neighborhood. Many women, of less account in the community, and some men, stood quietly further off.

Few people hurried away. There was a general disposition to linger in the porch and about it. A good many went straight to the newly made grave. Everywhere, knots of people were talking earnestly ; and, though with suppressed voices, yet uttering words and names which showed how all thoughts were occupied. Mr. Simon Voorhies and Mr. Van Cortlandt had come round from the Dutch Church, and there was presently a gathering of people about them, giving and seeking information, or listening ; because Mr. Van Cortlandt was John Schermerhorn's uncle. The uncle was anxiously questioning ; " for," as he said, " the news had only just reached him that somebody was buried in St. Paul's Churchyard, in the night ; and it was said that his nephew had come last evening some time, and had brought a dead body with him ; and it was told him it must be John's wife ! He himself would wait to see Rector Digges, for he was all in a whirl about this dreadful thing. He didn't wish to go round to John's with this impression, if there was a chance of it's not being true." He hurriedly

addressed himself to Mr. Barendt, who was coming out.

Mr. Barendt, who had tried to pass on without stopping, was pale and changed. "He could tell nothing," he said, "except that there was a funeral in the churchyard the night before. He had seen it, and Mr. Parsons. No doubt, — at least he feared, — it was as people said, — there was one mourner, and he looked in the dark and rain like John Schermerhorn."

Mr. Barendt released himself as quickly as he could, and walked away, with a single and hasty side-glance at the newly made grave. Mr. Parsons, who stayed, could add nothing to the short story.

The rector was not to be found in the vestry-room, where Mr. Van Cortlandt, with his friends, sought him; and the different little groups which had been waiting for him began to disperse. He had evidently found some other way than his usual way of leaving the church. Inquiry at the house brought no better result. He had gone, it was said, to visit a sick parishioner, and it was quite uncertain when he would

be back. Could this be Mr. Schermerhorn? The uncle stood as if he knew not what to do; then consulted his companions. "The case was most extraordinary. His nephew had not communicated with him; but he could not bear the thought of failing in his duty to poor John, if what they feared was true: he might be in dreadful need of comfort." It was agreed that the two should bear him company to John Schermerhorn's house, to which, of himself, he was extremely reluctant to go. The distance, as we found it, when the way so little while ago was traversed by the happy bridal company, is but short. They found the house unchanged. Nothing, as they learned, was known there of the family: the maid, who answered Mr. Van Cortlandt's questions, looked a little anxious or frightened; but Mr. Schermerhorn had not been there, nor sent any word. "Oh, if it's only a mistake, after all!" the uncle said. Mr. Voorhies thought it must be a mistake. Mr. Parsons's face lighted up, but fell instantly. "I hope it may be so!" he said. Then they separated, in the assurance that every thing must be soon known.

The day passed on ; and the only change made was that Easterly, the sexton, had come home, after having been employed by Dominie Digges to take back, thirty miles or so, the man that came with Mr. Schermerhorn. The sexton wished to talk ("in a proper way," he said) ; for he seemed to feel that he had been losing great opportunities, and he fully confirmed the story that Mr. Schermerhorn had buried his wife, the night before, by lamplight. "There never was anybody in such a way as that man ! Where the poor man was now," the sexton assured the inquirer, "he could not tell more than the dead." One foreboding thing — as good to him, and most of his hearers, as a bit of science or philosophy — the sexton, in the shape of a question or a reminder, generally added to his gloomy story. "Did not everybody remember" (or "everybody must remember") "how the bell was stopped short when he was ringing on the wedding-day ? Now, of course, in this country, at this time o' day," he said, "we ain't ignorant enough to suppose that such a thing as that would make any difference ; but there it

is, and I put it to *you*, to show the bearing. Why, I said, the very time it happened, it wasn't the right thing."

This story, like all the rest, was soon told everywhere, and passed for what each one might think it worth.

That evening, Mr. Case Barendt was sitting at Mr. Parsons's, engaged in slow and gloomy talk with him, when both started unnaturally, and were silent at the ringing of the house-bell. Not long after, a weak or uncertain hand seemed to be trying to open the door of the room in which they were. They looked at each other gravely; and presently Mr. Parsons went and opened it wide. A sad sight showed itself. It was poor Mr. Schermerhorn, pale and shrunken and shivering. He hesitated a moment, as if at seeing two; then came in, fastened his sunken eyes on Mr. Barendt, and, without uttering a word of salutation or address, slowly shook his head, with a look so utterly woful that his friend as silently bent over, and hid his face in his hands.

"Parsons!" said the sad visitor, "only a

moment! I am going away: you must take my cases, or arrange about them."

His brother lawyer expressed his willingness to do any thing. "But, John! not long?" he asked, tenderly taking the desolate man's hand. "Mr. Whiteside is under the doctor's orders, and would rather have that Mynders case"—

"Well, well, my dear friend!" the other said, "manage every thing. I've written: Barendt will read the letters over, and send them. Good-by!"

He set his two hands on Barendt's shoulders, without speaking, and with his head upon his breast; then wrung his other friend's hand, and instantly was gone. A moment after, Mr. Parsons started up, with some broken sentence, as if he would stop him. "No, no!" said Case Barendt: "we'll attend to every thing the best way we can." And so it was understood between them.

"I don't like the look of things," Barendt said. "I wish Gertrude had come with him."

All that day, Rector Digges secured to himself entire seclusion, except during his services.

The next day, he went of himself, sadly, to Mr. Van Cortlandt's house. It may have been his own weather that he carried with him ; but, if so, Mr. Van Cortlandt felt it, for he confirmed the rector's assurance that it was cold. The short account of all that had happened was soon given. The nephew had come, on Saturday evening, in a dreadful state of wretchedness and almost despair, bringing his wife's dead body. In the hurry and misery, the best thing seemed to be to do as he wished about the burying : the clergyman, therefore, had taken all responsibility. As for poor Schermerhorn, the lonely, bereaved man had already set out for Europe ; and his sister, Mrs. Suydam, with her children (as the uncle would hear from herself), was to join him there.

This gloomy story Mr. Van Cortlandt heard as a respectable kinsman of good feeling might. "So John is gone !" he said. "Then there's nothing we can do. I'll write to Gertrude, of course. What could poor little Gracie have died of? Childbed fever, I suppose."

The rector added a little to his story : "Mr.

Schermerhorn said 'he must work out this terrible lot by himself.' I said, 'Of course, you'll remember what the Holy Ghost came to the faithful on Whitsunday for, and abides in the Church for ever; and that His name is "Comforter."' He said, 'Oh, yes! God help me!'

"Then John'll do it!" the uncle said. "He always was so, from a boy. His mother was so, before him. Gertrude's just like him."

The town soon had the substance of the story, to fill out into such shape as it might be easily made to fill. It was about the time of the "anniversary" which Mr. Case Barendt had proposed to keep; and the passers by the churchyard could see, through the picket-fence, a crown of flowers, like that of the marriage-day, now laid upon the fresh grave.

The uncle, with Mr. Barendt, shut up the house in Fort Street, and put it into the charge of an old couple, who were to live in some corner of it.

"When John comes back," said Cornelius Barendt, "it seems to me we ought to have Gertrude here, with her children. I wish John had a child of his own!"

“It would be in his way, travelling, as he is,” the uncle said. “Gertrude had fine children, — I don’t know how many: she lost some. She had fine children.”

Cornelius Barendt, as our readers know, was an unmarried man; but he said: “Children are the things to get round a man’s heart. I believe there’s nothing like them! and John Schermerhorn’s got a heart.”

Mr. Barendt, for a while, spent a share of every day in his friend’s forsaken office, and then transferred young James Van Cortlandt, and whatever beside was needed, to his own. Fort Street was changed still more by the removal.

From the West, a rumor came that the young wife had died soon after giving birth to a child; and there was something very dreadful about it. A month later, Mr. Van Cortlandt had heard nothing further, but that Mrs. Suydam had broken up her household in Buffalo, and gone abroad with some English friends, by way of the Lakes and Canada; that the whole story was very sad (as had been reported before); and

everybody in the place was sorry for the family, and very little was said about it. "They were always good brother and sister to each other, those two orphans," the uncle said.

The town learned to grow accustomed to be without the family which had once for a while filled so large a space in it, and to see, without seeing, the house shut up. The curiosity of the town had satisfied itself as well as it could. Tom Curley had gone on plying his trade; and, though few travellers ever went or came the whole distance, yet Curley and others had brought shreds of news from Buffalo, which were discussed at Mr. Henry's street corner and elsewhere. "The house took fire; and young Mrs. Schermerhorn got frightened, and she died of it. He walked from one end of the place to the other, bareheaded, and never knew it. He wouldn't look at the child." With these bits, the town filled up its understanding of the case.

Now, seasons went and came. The Schermerhorns' house stood, silent and dark, on its side of GeFort Street, — shut in from the sunlight, upon had a

the yet fresh memories and traces of the happy life which had begun and never ended there; and beside it, also silent and dark, stood the little "office" of its owner, bearing the useless sign with his name, and perhaps some of the hooks which had borne colored lights on the wedding-day, and which no pains had been taken to remove. "Little Gracie's round of widows and cripples," as the uncle had kindly called them, found themselves remembered still, for her sake; but Mr. Schermerhorn did not come back. Mr. Barendt said: "When he comes back, he'll come more of a man than ever. He's gone to fight it down, not with pleasure, but hard work."

The time began to be told now, even by years. Changes took place in the old town. Some went away by the road of death; as, beside others, good Mrs. Marselus died peacefully, and her earthy remains were laid in the Dutch Burying Ground; Mrs. Swart, after her son was lost in the "Decatur," kept her house; Major Prout walked a little lame; the post-office was moved across to Mr. Van Horne's

new block, on the opposite side of De Ruyter Street, and a new "Genesee flour store" was opened in the empty building; Mr. Van Cortlandt's house was painted a light yellow color, instead of its solid-looking old red; the smallest of the three vanes of the Dutch Church, which was unseated by the great storm, was standing, for the time, in Deacon Stimus's yard; a new bridge had been built over the canal, at Vandewater Street. No change came over the Schermerhorns' house, in Fort Street. Mr. Bridport, the English artist who made the three famous sketches on the Mohican and that of Hunter's Gap, had tried to hire it for a year or two, and Mr. Voorhies to buy it; but in vain. It was understood that Mr. Schermerhorn or his sister was to live in it. The house stood shut; but no mould grew on the white steps, nor grass between the flagging-stones; and the garden (as any one might see, through the paling) did not run wild: slowly, as new trees were planted and grew up, and the box was set in new places, it changed its look. But a change was made elsewhere, at another of the family houses:

a snow-white stone, on a jet-black base, stood by the young wife's grave. Now, as the fall of each year came round, a crown of flowers was seen yearly on the sod.

Editor Van Sandtvoord — perhaps because his profession gave him a good deal of leisure — read pretty widely, and read understandingly ; and, being a country editor, he gave his townsmen as much reason to think well of themselves, and to feel proud of the place which they filled in the world, as he could. From time to time, he had something to say in "The Mirror" about "their distinguished fellow-citizen abroad," and wisely took much credit to the town for him.

Major Prout felt sorely that "the country was going to pieces, and was sure that John Schermerhorn ought to come back. There was a fine field for his abilities." And Dr. Campbell expressed himself very freely : "The man [Schermerhorn] ought to come back : it was not healthy to be nursing his grief. The work here would cure him. It was time for him : people would be forgetting him."

"There 'll always be a place for a man like

that, whenever he comes," County Attorney Parsons said.

Mr. Case Barendt simply answered, whoever asked him, that "they must wait the time: fever always took hold of strong people hardest."

At first, the child was said to have lived, but that was never confirmed; and Mr. Cornelius Barendt showed Mr. Van Horne, and whoever asked him, that there was no hope of John Schermerhorn's having saved that comfort from his wreck. "He was fighting out his fight single-handed, and would conquer in it, too."

"When he comes home, we must have his sister and her children back," Mr. Barendt said. Mr. Parsons agreed; Mr. Van Cortlandt, also; and Mr. Van-Cortlandt said, —

"There never were a brother and sister fonder of each other."

"Children are the things to bring a man round. They say she's got beautiful children," said Mr. Case Barendt.

"Ah! bachelors are always the best fathers," Mr. Parsons said, laughing. "Come, Case, you must have a chance to try the child-cure."

Now, after so long a time, when the lonely wanderer in foreign lands, although not forgotten, was, of course, little and seldom thought of, suddenly, in the third spring's first warm weather, there began to spring from the ground, with the earliest growths, before the wondering eyes of the townsmen, and under Mr. Barendt's orders, a new third room to Mr. Schermerhorn's office, with a doorway opening into the garden, on the other side from the house.

"That looks encouraging," said Mr. Van Horne. "He's coming round. There was Judge Preston went abroad, and was gone five months (he was terribly cut up). In a year and a half, he was married again."

"Ay," said Mr. Barendt; "and then, again, there was Chancellor Denham did pretty much the same, and he isn't married yet. John Schermerhorn isn't that sort of man."

"Best thing he could do," said Mr. Van Horne, "and come home, and settle down again. And see here! he was as full of his law as he was of his wife. Where's all that now? For a man that's got a business, and his business

suits him, 't isn't the thing to run away. But get him home, and we 'll soon fetch him right."

One day, near the end of summer, the traveller came home,—a bronzed, grave, dignified man, with his great mass of hair grizzled ; but a man who stood up as straight as ever, and looked, more earnestly and thoughtfully than ever, right through one, and beyond.

The town was full of talk again, and a little quiet stir. Some said that Mr. Schermerhorn had never once lifted his eyes to look at house or garden or office ; and it was generally agreed that he had not entered his house, nor had he even gone into his office by the front door : he had silently walked, with Mr. Barendt, through the door in the garden, and taken possession. The next day, James Van Cortlandt (now ready for admission to the bar) took his place again ; and it was understood that Mr. Schermerhorn was hard at work once more, and once more engaged as junior, with eminent counsel, in important cases.

Now he was, a great deal of his time, away from home, in Albany and elsewhere. His

house stood shut in upon itself, as before ; and he had never gone into it. Some said that he had never looked at it. He slept in the back room of his office, and had the room cared for by old Chloe, once a slave of his father's. In that room was said to be hanging a veiled portrait of his wife. He took his meals privately, at the hotel.

Old Chloe could, perhaps, as easily have been brought to open her veins and let out her own life-blood as to open her mouth and utter a word of Mr. John's secrets. Mr. Barendt, it was known, had one day gone suddenly out of his office, on a summons from his friend, within the first day or two of his getting home, and to have come back, not long after, silent and agitated ; but nothing whatever was heard from Mr. Barendt about it. As for what the neighbors could themselves know of their much-talked-of townsman's ways, all agreed that, "when anybody could get speech of him, he was kind, in his way, and listened well" (which, of course, pleased them), "and that he did not keep away from people." He sometimes went

in the twilight, visiting from one stoep to another, after the friendly fashion of the town; but, it was said, "He *was* a little too learned. To be sure, he never used to care about the gossip and talk of the neighborhood; only, then he knew all about what anybody was reading. Now he would listen, and talk wonderfully sometimes, but there were few people to whom he would say much; and a strange thing was that he never came where there were any children."

The long winter evenings, with blazing wood fires flashing out into them, were bringing round again that tender and most kindred-stirring time, when the warm tides of blood draw together. In one evening during this time, and early in it, District-Attorney Parsons and Mr. Barendt were sitting together; Barendt having just recited a passage, which he thought very beautiful, from a book of Washington Irving, when Mr. Schermerhorn was shown in.

It is very likely that no one of the three could fail to recall, at the moment, every look and word of that most sad interview between the

same three, and in the same room, some years before. Mr. Schermerhorn, as he came in, cast one look about him, as it seemed, almost shrinking; but the greeting of his two friends was hearty, and entirely unembarrassed:—

“I was just going, John,” Barendt said.

“No, Cornelius Barendt, stay!” Schermerhorn answered, as if he had something special to say. “I want to see you. I don’t know when I shall get a spare evening again.”

Barendt stayed; and Schermerhorn, after seating himself, looked nervously from the one to the other, as if for the moment under the sway of overmastering thought and feeling; but of that earnest entreaty nothing came.

They began to grow uneasy as they sat. Barendt, as if at haphazard, spoke of changes in old countries, or some such thing. All at once, Schermerhorn had mastered himself, and soon they were drawn with him into a strong, deep current of talk, — not at all about himself, or his past, or what was before him, but about things as far off as the intrusts of the Saracenic conquest in Spain, and the Roman in Britain,

and the Greek settlements in Italy, into manners, art, science, character, language.

The two eagerly did their best to go along with him, and yet were obliged to leave the great share of the conversation to him ; so far was his familiarity with the histories of institutions and peoples beyond that of a well-read lawyer or intelligent scholar. They told him so. When he found himself talking alone, and the others listening oftener than speaking, he changed the subject, and apologized : " he had been studying so long," he said. All the time, while there was nothing strange or distant in him, yet he was, as he talked, clearly a grave and earnest man ; and all the time there was something to remind his friends that there were years of life and work between him and the happy and hopeful young man who had been so suddenly struck down, and then had suddenly broken away from the ruin of his happy life.

They talked of things in their own profession, and of great cases in England and at home. And now, through all that he said, one

thing was very prominent, — the thought of making the science and practice of the law the science and practice of pure right. He did not propose any hare-brained attempt at a sudden revolution in the profession, but steady, strong work in writing, discussing, pushing legislation for years, or for a lifetime, if necessary.

Here, as the three were all trained and practised lawyers, as well as thoughtful and conscientious men, the talking never flagged on any side. Mr. Parsons "admired abstractly," as he said, "but looked upon any plan for idealizing men's quarrels as moonshine." Mr. Barendt sympathized with the wish to make their profession what it ought to be, but did not hope to see it carried out, because habits were so strongly established.

The forehead of the earnest talker seemed almost higher and broader than a few years back; his face was thinner and more pale; his hair was fast turning; his eyes, if they had gained something, had also lost something, — perhaps only that seldom merriness which, when it showed itself, had been so winning and so

catching. Was he more changed within than outwardly? The old kindliness, even the old tenderness, seemed to be there still, but severed, somehow, and held a little off.

He did not shun talking with his intimate friends here about his sister Gertrude and the children, and of their coming home; though his way was, perhaps, a little strange. He spoke like a loving brother, if he made no show of strong feeling; but he certainly was not longing for them, as if they could cheer his loneliness, or break it up. He spoke as if he thought it might be his sister's wish to come back to Buffalo, where she had spent her married life, and not to her earlier home; or she might like to stay abroad, and give the children a chance with the languages. There seemed almost a fear of her choosing Westenvliet. "But perhaps," he said, "the old house was the best and happiest place for her; and it could be fitted for her in a day." This might seem a thing easy enough for him to say; but it seemed to cost him some effort.

Now, though he showed nothing but strength,

— though he did not yield or break anywhere, — could it be that he really dreaded having the house opened again, and made a home? He did not speak freely: at times, he seemed near saying something which he did not say. Barendt, however, took him up at once. “Of course,” he said, “the right thing was to have Gertrude back, with her children; and they were beautiful children. It would make a difference to the whole place.”

Schermerhorn’s answer to this was a little strange, too. “He supposed it would, — oh, yes! no doubt it would.”

Barendt, when Schermerhorn had taken leave, and gone out of the room, stayed long enough behind, before joining him, to say hurriedly: “*He never came for that!* He wanted to speak about himself, and can’t. One thing we can see: there’s a great will in him. He has looked about for a worthy ambition that he can make a business of life. We used to say that Schermerhorn would make a man: he’s going to make a *great man!*”

“He *is* a great man,” Parsons answered. “He

could make three books out of what he said to-night."

As Barendt hurried out, Parsons went (perhaps without thinking) to the window, and drew up the blind, looking forth on the night. His late visitor was standing outside, and, as if in deep thought, was gazing into the far depths of the sky. Neither the motion nor the sound disturbed him; but, in a moment, he had recalled himself, and paced the sidewalk with a strong step. As Barendt came up, he was ready, as if he had been waiting for him, and walked away.

If Mrs. Suydam stayed unexpectedly abroad, — and so kept out of reach the two influences from which so much had been hoped, — another person came to the town, from whom also, perhaps, under the circumstances, something might be expected. Mrs. Cornelius Bleecker, — once Miss Nellie Kearney, — well known here, and now the young widow whose husband's will was so long and bitterly contested, and whom our readers met near the outset of this story, came to the town to live, and took

a house in Hague Street. She was a person who could no more move or stop moving, without drawing observant eyes, than a flamingo or a fire-hang-bird can flash in the sun or alight without being looked after. She was handsome and elegant and tasteful and clever; and the little daughter whom she brought with her was so unlike her — while, at the same time, as pretty and bright and fresh as possible — that the child added to the mother's charm.

Mrs. Bleecker had made no change in her widow's weeds; and not only were they very becoming, but somehow the rustle of them sent a thrill through the air, stronger and longer-lasting than forces seemingly much greater. Every thing about her was most fitting, and as it ought to be. Though she drove her little carriage through the streets and on the country roads (there were no tramps then), it was without dash or show; and she walked about and made visits and went to church, all very simply and modestly. So, if she drew eyes, she did not draw that sharp criticism which follows closely

rich and handsome widows, but kind feeling. It would seem that everybody liked her, — Mr. Parsons, Mr. Barendt, Major Prout, the Honorable Mr. Voorhies, as well as young men and maidens of Mr. James Van Cortlandt's standing. Dr. Campbell paid enthusiastic court to her, and to her little daughter. Colonel Masker hastily wrote that he must come home, and do the *devoir* of a gallant knight; and explained (for he was a man of reading) that that was "old Norman French, from the days of chivalry." He could have said "squire of dames," but it might have been misunderstood. "The Mirror," in Editor Van Sandtvoord's delicate way, brightened its pages — not dull before — with pretty bits of rhyme and prose, hinting the fair new-comer. The reader will not wonder that Mr. Van Horne — who, being rich and having no business, might be supposed to be a man of good judgment — took occasion to see Mr. Parsons and Mr. Barendt severally, to tell them that "here was the very thing, — both rich, both young, both handsome, both mourners, both old friends. What could be better?"

The public recalled its own thought of a few years since, that Nellie Kearney had wanted to marry John Schermerhorn ; or, as it remembered now, more conveniently, that the two had been lovers. Mr. Parsons, however, said : “ To my personal knowledge, he has declined — absolutely — a brief in her case.”

One day, when the sun was shining brightly, and a breeze was blowing softly, — all because the blithe spring was near at hand, — the elegant widow came, with her little daughter, quietly and modestly, to the front door of Mr. Schermerhorn’s office, on Fort Street. The door fell open, as it were, of its own accord ; and young Mr. Van Cortlandt, with a most eager and most finished salutation, asked her in. Mr. James Van Cortlandt, as he shut the door, felt, doubtless, that he was cutting off, most painfully, the sight of many sharp, bright eyes, less happy than his own. The minds whose eyes were thus shut out from serving them in this direction might busy themselves with thinking that, coming on such an errand as Mrs. Bleecker’s probably was, Josephine Beauharnais

met the First Consul of the first French Republic ; that, on such another errand, Elizabeth Woodville met the Fourth Edward of England. What might not follow this first step, — and follow immediately upon it, too, as in the other cases ?

The bright sun shone ; the mild breeze softly breathed through the street : very likely, many lesser orbs were glancing at that little building, and other breaths were busy with speculation about that visit. Inside, she would be waited on by Mr. James Van Cortlandt : further within was the thoughtful, studious lawyer, whose once fresh, unstunned, unwounded heart had shared the same happy seasons and been stirred by the same sights and thoughts and sounds as had moved the pretty, lively Nellie Kearney, of that time.

Perhaps the minds that were occupied with such inseeings into the likelihoods of coming time and ever-working hearts put things together better than we : we can tell what happened. The bright sun and the soft breeze were still shining and breathing, as before, when, not

long after, the same door opened again ; and the mother and child came forth, attended and followed by much lively and courteous demonstration of Mr. James Van Cortlandt, who was not to be satisfied without seeing little Nellie safe as far as the middle of the sidewalk. Beyond that point, — at which he received a very short (but, of course, most graceful) bow from Mrs. Bleecker, — our young friend had no advantage over whatever neighbors, seen or unseen, might be straining their eyes upon the beauteous widow and her child. He stood, indeed, and looked after them ; yet even little Nellie, as, holding her mother's hand, she now and then skipped along the walk, and now and then lagged, but always asked questions, — even little Nellie never once looked back. So Mr. James Van Cortlandt, hastily, and looking the other way, went in again.

As for the mother, — whether she were deeply moved or disappointed or grieved or satisfied, — could any one ever yet see, in the bearing or gait, or in the cheek or mouth or eye of a well-bred woman, who knows the well-bred world,

any thing but what she wished him to see, — provided she had only a little freedom of surroundings, — a little allowance of time and room? We may safely say that Mrs. Ellen Bleecker made no one who saw her the wiser for the seeing.

Young Van Cortlandt had, of course, his account, of which he laughingly bestowed more or less upon a good many people. If he had felt at all slighted by their unmindful way of leaving him, he had soon forgotten it. He said "that Mrs. Bleecker was overpowering; but John Schermerhorn wasn't a woman's man now, if he ever had been. He had plenty of manner and style (he knew how to do that thing); but then, if Sanders's pump, with its old round head and oak handle, had been stuck up in a chair, it would be all the same to John Schermerhorn, — that's the way it was *that* time, at any rate." This and other of Mr. Van Cortlandt's utterances were made, as it were, a little under the breath. It is not likely that any one talked with Mr. Schermerhorn about private and delicate matters. The truth was that,

now that he was there, he was such a man that it would seem as sensible to say of the south-west wind that, if they could get it to blow in Westenvliet, they would apply a few rules to it, as to say what had seemed so easy, of Mr. Schermerhorn, when he was abroad, that, "if they could get him home, they would soon bring him right." Even professional men seemed to have a sort of ceremony about going to his office, which was thought to be bulging out with books far beyond the range of ordinary lawyers; and, when he went away (as he was continually going), he never took public carriages, but was driven off by himself, and very often at midnight, or after.

Time went on again. Mr. Schermerhorn lived on, in his narrow, lonely way, and worked, as before. He won a good deal of name in those famous "Canal suits," by which, it used to be said, two important points were settled. He was, with Mr. Whiteside, of Albany, in other noted cases. He seemed unchanged, except that he seemed always to be growing more such a man as he had shown himself since he

came home. Mrs. Nellie Bleecker delighted everybody, as before. His life and hers were not seen to have any bearing upon each other. Good Mr. Barendt was joked about educating little Nellie for his wife, because he played with her and walked with her, and showed her the sights in shop windows. The news of Gertrude Suydam and her family came wholly through Mrs. Bleecker. The little Charley, particularly, was growing to be pretty well known in the town; and many clever sayings and doings were already told of him, as of one of the citizens.

The days went on. Again, like a merry and comely old-time seller of ribbons and laces and other pretty wares, came the blithe Spring, whistling and trolling his melodies through the valley of the Mohican; and presently trees and flowers were gay and glad, — flaunting and fluttering in his fresh, harmless fineries, on every side, — in white and pink and light green and dark green and yellow and purple and blue. The maidens of the town vied with the un-speaking, never-moving dwellers under open

sky, and gladdened all the streets with their bright hues. The season was most beautiful. Summer, coming at his appointed time, found the place all ready for him, with nothing to do but to enjoy it. In the town, packet-boats and freight-boats passed to and fro; stage-coaches rattled up to the inn-doors; contemplative men leaned and smoked over bridge-railings; while boys, barefooted, sat on the bridge-floors, fishing. The life of the town was all going on, as usual. Mr. Schermerhorn, who was much of the time away, was at this time as far away as Washington, it was said.

All of a sudden, the long-closed blinds and shutters of the Schermerhorn house, in Fort Street, were thrown open; the windows gaped, to draw in the fresh air; and busy female forms could be seen flitting about, inside and outside, scrubbing and sweeping and dusting. As usual, in every thing about the Schermerhorns, it was Mr. Barendt who gave orders, and saw to whatever was done. The house was alive and awake, and open to the great human sympathy, once more: neighbors of various ages drew near, and

stood and talked in front of it, under the shade of the trees.

Before long, Gertrude Suydam came, with her children ; and was welcomed by a troop of friends, much like that which, in the ever-moving procession of life, took leave of Grace Schermerhorn. If those who were here were older since that time, and if, perhaps, there were fewer young people now, yet there were enough to scramble for the children, of whom Kate Hamilton, of New York (once Kate Van Cortlandt), caught the boy, — a handsome, manly little fellow, whose cheeks outlandish suns had stained olive, through their red. Everybody smiled at his first words, and thought it pretty that he should have said them. They seemed almost prophetic of Mr. Barendt's hope being fulfilled.

"Where's my uncle?" little Charley asked, yielding readily to be taken by the hand, as if to put a long-saved question. "That isn't my uncle?" he asked again, a little doubtfully, giving his free hand to Mr. Cornelius Barendt, and looking hard in his face. This the girls all took

for wonderful brightness ; and it brought him a shower of praises.

No one wondered that Mrs. Suydam shed tears. "I've changed every thing as much as I could," Mr. Barendt hastened to say, as they entered the house. The sister did not look round. "He's been always hearing of John, since he could understand any thing," she said, evidently having her boy and his speech in her mind. "John waited for me last night, in Albany, before he started for Washington," she added, still looking at Mr. Barendt, and not looking about her. The girl was a year or two older, and seemed a very wise little body ; first putting carefully down something she carried, before being made acquainted with several girls, — rather shy, indeed, but all intent upon her. Our friend and Mr. Case Barendt's, Nellie Bleecker, having gazed steadily at Charley, — who was nearer her own age, — went and joined him, slipping her hand into his, inside Mrs. Hamilton's. Mr. Barendt smiled.

That evening, the "Arions," who now numbered three, serenaded the house, at a good,

comfortable, early hour, and were called in. The worthy Mr. Van Arsdale, though unaccompanied by any pageant, was with them. Mr. Barendt, at one time, saw the good man studying the outside of the office, which had made part of the scene of his former well-devised display; and Mr. Parsons, at another time, watched him and pointed him out, recalling in the parlors the several spots which were memorable to him for association with the same festivity.

So the family was at home: the children had found play-fellows and school-fellows; and Mr. Schermerhorn's house was once more restored to living use. He was still away, for a good while, afterwards. In the still, old streets, the children were soon as much at home and as merry as if they had been born there, and had never been away; and this gave occasion to some wise people to say that Westenvliet was "an easy town to grow to;" while others saw, in the young things, an inborn drawing to the home of their fathers. They went on, finding out and filling, with their pretty, childish associations, every place in house and garden and stoep and side-

walk and cellar-windows which could be made to carry them.

A finding of colored lamps, in a corner of the garret, made a decoration for a magic hall, — in the daytime, at least, — as good as in the “Arabian Nights,” of which Mary had read something, and heard more. The chief doer, being a girl, was easily contented to believe, without seeing, their surpassing beauty and splendor, when fed with oil and floating wick, and lighted at night. Egypt is not more marked by its pyramids, or the Troad or Taurican Chersonesus or Babylonia or Chaldea by mounds and buried cities, than the garden-haunts of these tireless delvers and builders, with all their willing helpers, were marked by piles and pit-falls. Never did crownless, noseless, earless, lipless, browless lump of marble, in Elis or Phocis, give more play to learned men’s fancy, in supplying lineaments traced by Praxiteles, and the features of god or hero, than did door-knocker or stoep-post or baluster give to these children, in making out on them the features of Washington and Lafayette and De Witt Clinton, or the nearer

celebrities, Doctor Campbell and Major Prout. Little Nellie Bleecker was like another sister; sometimes, indeed, filling more than her share of place, with her voice and her person, as is the way of some things, small and great.

Mr. Case Barendt, with plenty of business, and as many demands of society as other gentlemen, was one of the children's chief bosom-friends and confidants; and he was delighted with the prospect, if Mr. Schermerhorn could only be at home for a little while. "If we can only set 'em at him!" as he said. "They've filled the whole house and garden with every sort of thing to catch a man's feelings. How are you going to stand out against 'em? Any two of them can come at you from a dozen sides at once! They've got as many hands as Briareus."

"How wise these fellows are, that haven't got any children, Case!" said Mr. Parsons; "but here's your chance, as I always said. I don't see why not. I'm with you there, Case."

Barendt took him up, cheerfully: "It would bring anybody round!" he said. "Yes: I do know every boy and girl in the whole place;

and I'm crony with half the children in town. This little Charley Suydam is just the thing for his uncle, if we could only get him. His mother has kept setting John before him ; and the chap has grown up full of his Uncle John. Mary isn't so : she says her uncle never came near them ; and she thinks he might. *Do you know they've never set eyes on John ?* "

"Never seen him ?" his friend said. "What's this about Schermerhorn's meeting them yesterday, in Albany ? "

"He met *her*," said Barendt. "You know how he is. He got round to his sister about midnight. After he got there, she said, he stayed a long time. And then, beforehand, he had attended to every little thing, she told me, that nobody would have thought of. She's pretty easily satisfied with any thing he does. I wish I was ! I don't like to see him growing taller and taller, with no more sympathy than a Lombardy poplar. Now look at that Charley !" he cried out, as he happened to see the little fellow, much as he might cry out if he had seen something worth looking at. His friend smiled,

but took the trouble to put his head out of the window for him, whether he saw the boy or not.

"I think we shall have to take Schermerhorn as he is," Mr. Parsons answered. "It's my opinion that the soft in him was pretty well absorbed, in that struggle of his; and, after all, Case, he's too big a fish to play as you would a trout, in the Schroon country. I'm afraid your little affections of home, and so on, won't hold him. It doesn't look to me as if your little Jennie Suydam, there" (he said the name wrongly, by accident or on purpose), "and Charley were going to be of much account to a man that's wanted, in reference and consultation (to say nothing of his other business, and that committee on codification), thirty-six hours in the twenty-four. We agreed, you know, that Schermerhorn is a great man, and going to be greater."

Mr. Cornelius Barendt was very steadfast in his opinions and feelings.

"Parsons," he said, "great men have to eat, like other people, don't they? They've

got feelings (for you can *hurt* 'em, anyway, like other people), haven't they? Now, I tell you that John Schermerhorn is big enough for great things and little things too. But, dear me! *is* the heart a little thing in great men? Then commend me to little men!"

Mrs. Suydam had not been long settled before her brother came home again, as usual, for a while. The house, as it was now, had a happy look of being on good terms with sun and air, and all about it. This was the owner's first coming since his sister had lived in it; and perhaps some of the neighbors had been looking forward to see whether he would change his way of living now. We know that some of his best friends were concerned in what might come of it. He had come in the night, without any warning: so it could hardly be said at first what had happened or what he had done then.

As he stayed on, it was seen by the neighbors—as many as chose to see it—that he was just as busy as ever in his office, and that he took his way as regularly, and with his face as full of thought, as ever to his meals at the hotel. It

was not seen that he ever entered the house in which his sister was living, or even went up its steps. As for the children, though it was true (as their friend, Mr. Barendt, said) that they filled the whole air with gladness, and left marks and tokens of their restless, happy life everywhere, there seemed to be an unseen barrier between them and their uncle, which kept them out as surely as fresh, strong, fragrant flowers are kept out by the glass of parlor windows.

Still, we must beg our readers to look upon the children as being henceforth, without going out of their childish character, among the chief actors of our story ; and this, not because Mr. Barendt planned it so, but because, as often happens, they were so in fact.

"I don't believe Uncle John will come to see us now, when he's close by," the little girl said ; and she persuaded the more eager Charley to wait in his advances. The boy waited, looking often, and at first most hopefully, to the garden gate. He went to school, with his eyes turned often backwards. His first question, on coming home, was whether his uncle had been

in the house while he was gone. To his wonder and sorrow, he was obliged to learn that his uncle was a great, busy man, and sometimes could not think of any thing but his business. Poor Mrs. Suydam, with all her woman's faith and all her woman's skill in making up good motives, found it hard to make Charley see (though she used many tears in showing him) how "big people could love little people, and not be good to them, and want to see them." But she persuaded him to accept the uncle's lavish giving of presents as some proof of a big man's love, without as yet being able to understand why there should not be, moreover, some of the other signs of love which would satisfy a little heart a great deal better.

Before this lesson that he was learning was finished, and as a part of it, the boy made a little trial of his own. Very silently and quietly, he went and laid, near the door through which his uncle went and came, one of his own choicest things; and one which, very likely, the boy thought to have a sure power to touch the general human heart, — a shingle, deftly shaped,

and fitted with all needful sticks and threads and shreds of cotton cloth to make it a ship. He stationed himself to see ; but nothing came of it. Never was ship more cast away. He set himself near his uncle's walk, where he could not but be seen, — getting Mary to peep round the corner of the "office," all the while. Mr. Schermerhorn went very hastily by, without seeming to see any one or any thing. The boy tried the same thing over again, in a new place. Mr. Schermerhorn, this time, turned back altogether ; and Charley withdrew. The mother persuaded him not to make a third trial yet. The child was too young to feel any thing but perplexity about his uncle, or to feel that long.

A sort of understanding settled down and took possession of the part of the garden which lay along the "office;" and within this the children never set foot, or, if they had set it, withdrew it.

But all this seemed to be wearing into the sister's very life ; and often, as she and her brother would be walking up and down in the garden, her look was said to be piteous, indeed.

Nay, it was even said that she had been seen to stand before him with clasped hands, as pleading with him.

And still the neighbors said that he had never entered his house, and that he shunned the warm-hearted little people there, who were yearning to love him. Gertrude Suydam, though the house was thronged by friends, and though she took to herself plenty of work for the children, and, with Mrs. Bleecker and others, was very constantly busy outdoors, was said to be saddened, all the time, by this strangeness of her brother. Whether she had ever spoken to him of it, no one seemed able to say ; but there were people enough who uttered freely their own readiness to " tell him the plain truth about it, if they had the chance." Mrs. Easterly, the sexton's wife, did the " clear-starching " for a good many ladies, and she carried the general sentiment from one to another : " It was all very well for a man to stay a widower ; but to punish other people because he had lost his wife was a wrong thing. He was a great deal of a man, no doubt, and a credit to the town ; but he

might as well be a little something to those that belonged to him. If his own child was living (as there always had been a talk), he ought to have that child home." Before any thing new was heard, he was away again.

Time still went on; Mr. Schermerhorn's reputation growing always, and his occupations keeping him much away from home. He was persuaded to be a candidate for place, and was chosen. This, again, would be followed by his being away from home more than ever. Mr. Schermerhorn, however, not only came back from time to time, but never made a home anywhere else. As we have little to do with his public life or his professional work, except as far as they touch our story, we shall not go with him to the lesser Senate at Albany, or to the House in Washington, but shall still write from the side of our town, in which he had, and never altogether left, his home.

One case in his practice of the law concerns us, because it throws light upon his character and state of mind at about the time to which we have come; in which the little Charley has

been trying, in his own puny way, to find his uncle's heart.

The case of Hatherton, Cornwall, and Roup, of New York and Albany, against Winslow, interested the public very widely, not only because of the largeness of their business doings, but because the opinion had steadily gained ground, since the plaintiff's appeal, that the firm were trying to ruin an innocent man in their employment, to cover up a conspiracy to defraud their creditors. Several eminent counsel, as Mr. Whiteside and Mr. Schermerhorn, had given their services to the defence; and, as Mr. Whiteside was forbidden public speaking, an unexpected share of forensic work was thrown upon the younger counsel, — the most important upon Mr. Schermerhorn. In his argument, such was the closeness and skill with which he used the evidence for showing motive, and in tracing a chain of facts, as well as his learning in the law and familiarity with noted cases, that those who listened, listened not to lose a word. He made the guilty actors appear, from step to step, as walking in a gallery, with their

features thrown into outline and light, and their shadows cast upon the wall, by a lamp carried in their own hand. He put mighty strength into this work, and the effect was wonderful. When he came to describe the respectable and happy home, which these bad men had done their worst to lay in ruins, in a moment — without any warning, unless the flood of feeling and the broken voice were warning — he stopped, and could not go on, though he made a trial, after waiting. He then left that part of his subject just as it was, and finished his speech. The jury, like the former, gave a speedy verdict for the defendant; and, in all the praise given to Mr. Schermerhorn's argument, the part which he had left broken off was singled out as "a matchless appeal," "an inimitable stroke," — sayings which afterwards found their way into print.

Now it was, when he was driving away hurriedly from the court-room, — having shunned persons crowding from all sides to congratulate him, — that, after an hour and more, in which he had spoken very little, he said, "Barendt,

I've mistaken myself," and then told his friend that he was thoroughly ashamed of having been conquered, as he had been.

Barendt, in his straightforward, hearty way, told him that what he had done in court could be safely left to take care of itself, and had been nobly done, in a most worthy cause, "but that (if he might say it) a man's life needed to have the kindlinesses fed and worked. Of course" (and here the speaker showed some hesitation), "where a man had a child of his own, that was the nearest thing to draw out his tenderness; but," he added, hastening from this subject, "there were two little folks, at next door, that had a right to know their uncle, and were longing to be taken to his heart; and a man couldn't keep himself from being happy that was on the right footing with children."

All this, which was said with honest earnestness, was heard in silence, although during a part of it the listener was uneasy or impatient. They were driving slowly through the streets of the town, just after sunset, — a time when children, like birds just before going to their night's

roost, seem more than ever busy, and when our own elder hearts often go back to the evenings of childhood, and to their feelings and words. The sky in front of them was showing great golden depths ; merry shouts and laughs came up from unseen places near. There were particularly merry shouts coming up, as they turned into Fort Street, very near Mr. Schermerhorn's. The voices struck Mr. Barendt with a sympathetic stir : " That," said he, " that's " — but checked himself before saying the name. Almost instantly, his silent companion started in his turn, and uttered a sort of cry. They were already close by the office, the front of which would have been in shade against the western sky, but for what was in doing. A golden light was now spread over all the upper part of its face, and under the slightly projecting eaves, and upon the bright hair and glistening brow and eye and nose and lip of a little boy clinging stoutly to one of the upper rounds of a ladder set against the building, and the darker head and graver face of a girl, just below him ; while a third figure of a little girl, with uplifted

face, could be made out, at some distance further down. The very first glance would show that the upper two figures were of Charley and his sister, and that they had climbed so as to hang on the face of the little building, near the top, one of those colored glass lights that belonged to illuminations. A prettier sight could hardly anywhere have been seen — indeed, could hardly have been wished — than this child's show, with the waning glories of the heaven for a background.

There was time only for a glance.

Mr. Schermerhorn had, in an instant after his exclamation, laid hold of the reins and stopped the carriage, and got out. Then, as he put the reins into the driver's hand again, he said, "Cornelius, come and see me by and by, will you?" and walked away without a word more. His friend left the carriage at the same place, and hurried to the illumination.

The children had given no heed to the sound of the wheels, so busy were they in admiring and enjoying their own work, and planning an addition to it. Other children were looking up

from the sidewalk, wondering or criticising. Mr. Barendt was joyfully hailed by Charley and Mary (more quietly, this time, by Nellie Bleecker, whose heart was even fuller than theirs of wonder and triumph), and was taken at once into their confidence. The occasion of this great display ("which," they said, "would be a great deal more beautiful, if they could keep on with it, — only it took a good while to climb up the ladder, and then get the lamp up) was their Uncle John's having made a beautiful speech, and got a man off that was going to be punished for being good. Mr. Henry had come up and told mamma all about it, and Mrs. Bleecker too. The lamps they had had ever so long, only they had never lighted them before. They knew that lights used to be hung up there, for a good many people said so."

Mr. Barendt soon traced the history of the many-colored lamps to the garret where the children had found them. "Yes, yes, I see!" he said. "Ah me!" and then set himself, with his best wit, to put a stop to the show, and keep the children in good humor. It had been

intended to surprise the mother; and he succeeded in arranging with them a better surprise inside the house, where he himself could help them in hanging the lamps.

Late in the evening, when Mr. Cornelius Barendt came to his friend's office, Mr. Schermerhorn, who was diligently making notes from an open book, left his work and began to speak at once, without preface: —

“Cornelius, it's impossible for me to go on without a break, after making that exhibition! No doubt, some people already think it a clever trick instead of a stupid shame. I don't know how I got into it. I never intended going freely into that subject. Now I'm utterly ashamed! It'll be said that I entered upon it on purpose to break down.”

Barendt waited, when he stopped speaking.

“You want me to take up that boy: I can't! He belongs to Gertrude; and he'll have every advantage, with the best woman in the world to bring him up, and with all my means at Gertrude's disposal. I can't make a hole in the wall of my heart without its cracking or coming

down, like that poor masonry in Classis Street. It's made of bad stuff. That little thing, to-night! It was too much, slight and harmless as it was!"

"They were really celebrating your triumph, the little things!" Barendt said, "and very happy in it."

Schermerhorn looked more pained. He put his hand over his brow, and presently leaned upon the desk.

"Go on, Case!" he said, after some time.

Barendt began earnestly, as usual; and he began slowly:—

"My dear Schermerhorn," he said, "I can speak only in one way. I can't think shutting up a man's heart right, in any case. It's worse to have it breed mouldiness and"—

"Rottenness," his friend said sadly.

"Mouldiness and unwholesomeness, than to have the wall come down."

He left argument, and only pleaded the happiness of being on a free footing with his little friends; and, whether he had convinced the other or not, at least he was not gainsaid. Imme-

diately after this interview, however, it was that Mr. Schermerhorn first went into public life. Immediately after it, too, the uncle's presents came in greater numbers than ever to the children; but there was no change to be seen in his relations to them. He set up scholarship prizes and good-behavior prizes in the school which they were attending.

It has been said that the little Charles was too young to have any lasting feeling about his uncle, except a feeling of amazement at the nature of big uncles. Why Mr. Barendt should be one of his dearest friends, and should like play as well as he himself did; why Major Prout, and Rector Digges, and Mr. Van Horne, and everybody else, should speak to children, and stop and look at them, and Doctor Campbell always take a boy up and fling him over his back and run away with him, — he did not wonder; but why an uncle could only send presents, the child did not understand; nor could Mrs. Suydam make it plain. As for Mary, she dismissed the subject, with saying that she "didn't believe he wanted to;" and little

Nellie Bleecker, though no older than Charley, seemed to have made up her mind very decidedly to the same effect with Mary.

None of them, perhaps, fairly saw how strange a thing it was that their uncle never had any thing to do with them; but some people, of course, were sharp-sighted enough, and watchful enough, and jealous enough for the right, and had feeling enough for Mrs. Suydam, to see the thing, and see it in its right light, and to let her know, in one way or other, how sorry they were. There were a set of people who brought it home to Charley's understanding that other boys' uncles loved them, and treated them like their own children: these were his schoolmates. The boy at first paid little heed to them; but at length he was very sore, with their constant pricking of the same spot. Mr. Barendt, for some reason of his own (which, perhaps, the reader may guess), met the children less often than before; although, when he was with them, he seemed more frolicsome and merry than ever, and (as they said) "was very funny." On one rainy afternoon, as he was walking fast by

the house, little Charley suddenly ran, bare-headed, down the steps, and thrusting a paper upon him, without a word said, but with a very determined look, ran back again. Mr. Barendt smiled when his eyes first fell on what (in the shape of a clumsy letter) had been so suddenly given to his keeping; but his next look was thoughtful and grave. Having called after the boy to no purpose, and looked up at the lower windows of the houses, hesitating as if doubtful about going on, he kept on his way. A childish shout came from behind the front door held just ajar. "You must give it to him, Mr. Barendt! Will you please give it to him?" and the door was noisily shut as soon as he had given the wished-for answer.

Mr. Barendt had not gone far before, turning round, he came back, and knocked at Mr. Schermerhorn's office door, and was let in, bearing his package.

In the presence of the grave, gray, thoughtful-looking inmate of the room, this slight and trivial child's embassage grew suddenly serious.

The ambassador said, as he came in, "I don't

know what this is (it was given me just now, in the street, by Charley, who made me promise to bring it, and wouldn't stop to explain), but it's a regular letter, apparently, to 'MY UNCL GON' (G-O-N), in boys' capitals."

He smiled as he held out the clumsy-looking folded paper.

His friend looked at him silently and mournfully, then shook his head.

"Cornelius!" said he, "I can't: it's beyond my power. Will you attend to it? Do! — will you?"

Barendt opened it instantly, and read slowly aloud, without any criticism of the writing or spelling, but with some difficulty, these few words: "Dear Uncle, I wish you would talk to us. We love you. Charles Suydam." "That's a touching little letter," he said, when he had read it. "It almost talks."

Mr. Schermerhorn was strangely affected, for so trifling a thing. His hand trembled, as he turned away and fumbled to shut a window which was a little open.

"You will attend to it, won't you?" he said. "I can't, — I can't!"

"I see a good deal of them, and so I happen to know what the trouble is, — their school-mates plague them about having an uncle that won't speak to them," Barendt said.

"If the neighbors look so hard at me," his friend said, "I shall have to keep away."

"John Schermerhorn! — my dear man!" said Barendt. "If you'd let me" —

"Not yet! — not yet, Cornelius! — not yet!" the other answered, and Barendt left him to himself, saying only, "It's a simple, easy little thing!"

The unsuccessful ambassador was again walking in front of the house, when he started at hearing Charley's voice, and cleared his face, which was clouded.

"Is he going to?" it asked; nobody being in sight, but the door being held ajar.

"Pretty soon, I hope," Mr. Barendt called out cheerily through the rain.

There was no answer; but the door was instantly slammed.

The rain had cleared away, when Mr. Case Barendt was again walking slowly in front of

the same house,—possibly, if the truth were known, looking for Charley or Mary. One can always come upon fresh traces, where children have their haunts, as surely as upon chips where beavers build. As he looked across the paling, a sort of sign stared in his face,—a wooden board with strange lettering: “i HAV GOT A NY UNKL,” he read aloud; and again, “i HAV GOT A NY UNKL,” he read once more. “The little chap has left out his ‘not,’ and he does not know much about spelling; but he does know how to tell a thing. This has got into the boy’s heart! It’ll never do! It’s too sad! We must”—

As he spoke, the board, which had seemed as fast as the fence, began an extraordinary migration; and he found that the young author, supported by Mary on one side and Nellie on the other, had been, unseen, behind the paling, while the older eyes had been drawn to the letters, and the reader’s thoughts taken up with their meaning.

The thing was not like a child’s frolic, for there was no shout of laughter. On the con-

trary, the three moved away seriously, if not solemnly, Charley carrying his sign, which was supported by a staff, like a standard. Mr. Barendt called to them, but they did not stop.

“We mustn’t have too much of this thing!” he said, and followed the children in through the gate. The three hurried. Reaching the ground near the office, which they commonly shunned, they went straight across it, and round the little building, hastening out of Mr. Barendt’s way, and never speaking, just as if it were all understood beforehand. He followed more slowly, but steadily, and, as he saw them going out into the street, called to them again, but to no purpose. On they went, and into the street; and, as he saw (of all men) Mr. Schermerhorn coming along the sidewalk toward his office, he himself turned hastily back. This was his shortest way to meet the procession he had been pursuing; for they had, by the time he got again to the side of the office, run in through the gate on that side. The two girls skurried away to the house; but Charley, no longer carrying his standard, seated himself on a well-curb, and awaited his man-friend.

The little girls also presently stole back, and stood beside him.

The child began to smile, but his feelings had been on too great a strain, and instantly he was sobbing and shedding tears as if he could not be comforted; and while he let Mr. Barendt take his hand tenderly, and talk soothingly to him, he answered, as well as the great sobs would let him, "He isn't my uncle! We won't have him for uncle! We'll call him Mister Schermerhorn!"

The girls said nothing, and Mary looked as if she gravely accepted every word.

Mr. Barendt's face showed that he took this not as a little thing. Down he went beside the boy on the well-curb, and did the best he could to bring him and the others right. A child's feeling may be a short-lived thing; but in this case, now that it had once come into being, there was likely to be something to keep it alive as time went on.

Mary partly listened; partly pointed Nellie to the beauties of the sunset behind the trees at the end of the garden.

He did his best, and by and by went his way. Going out of the gate, he saw the poor little heart-sick fellow's standard leaning against the front wall of the office, on which, as he might remember, the three children had once been making their joyful show, because of the uncle's triumph. Now the words stood coarsely enough printed, but plain enough in their childish meaning, — that the tie of kin was no more. He did not meddle with the board or its lettering, but went in to the mother.

Mrs. Suydam was very grave. If Barendt took to heart this little thing of the children, her heart seemed to be very heavy with it. "She knew," she said, speaking as to a most-trusted friend, "that that feeling was growing up in poor little Charley's heart, and could not but fear that it would be a great deal worse; yet one could not flog the boy for it; and how was he to be coaxed out of it? If he could be made to forget all about it for a few years" —

That night Mr. Schermerhorn went away again.

The seasons changed with each other again and again, year by year; year by year, the never-changing south-west wind, coming down the valley, brought in sweet-smelling summer, and the north-west wind, coming down the same valley, flung his rough winter into every nook and cranny. Charley had his weeks of a dangerous illness; and, when it was at the worst (as the story went), his uncle had "walked up and down, all one blessed night, under the windows." The children were growing up, and Mr. Schermerhorn was becoming more known, and of greater weight in the country, though not a man to be called popular. Mrs. Bleecker lived much as before, and did not change her widow's weeds. Worthy and unworthy people died: among the rest, Mr. Van Cortlandt and Mrs. Easterly (whose husband seemed to grow steadily smaller, the longer the wind blew about him, and he rubbed against the world). A railroad had found its way into the town, and after a while had found its way through it. Charley was a strong, high-spirited, reserved boy, always leader in school, and never matched in scholar-

ship, unless by Tom Bement, the builder's son. Tom had carried off, time and again, the Schermerhorn prizes ; and the young Suydam, without giving any reason, had refused them, when awarded to him. Mary was growing up a fine girl, and Nellie Bleecker a quick, sprightly, flashing little creature. Her intimacy with the sister had remained, while, of course, her relations with the brother had changed a great deal with time. Mr. Barendt had grown very bald. Mr. Parsons was growing both bald and gray. Mr. Van Sandtvoord had left the editorship of the "Mirror."

Charles Suydam, instead of changing in his feelings to his uncle, had, in all these years, declined the presents which always came from him. He never spoke of his uncle, if he ever thought of him. Mary made no fuss about the Christmas gifts, or other gifts, but was never known to wear or use any of them.

All this was most painful and most strange. Here was an uncle of very high, and, in many respects, noble character, who, since the blow which had shattered the strongest feelings of

his heart, had kept out all new growths of affection that ought to have had a place given them there; and here, on the other hand, were these warm young hearts that naturally should have drawn, always more strongly, to a kinsman of whom there was so good reason to be proud, almost loathing his name.

How much Mr. Schermerhorn had heard or seen, or feared or guessed, of the young people's feeling toward him, cannot now be known: we have seen that he was not beyond the reach of influence from them, though now, certainly, he had a great deal to occupy him. In Congress, his manliness and fearlessness and mighty strength in the sectional animosities which were always rife there, if they made him strong friends, made him bitter foes and most persistent adversaries. Among his constituency, a strong opposition was raised, on the ground of policy. It was very likely that he could not be chosen again.

Mrs. Suydam, who had very wisely trusted to time and good influences, now, as Charley was growing old enough for college, began, as she found chances, to set before him her brother's

eminence, or his high character, or the worth of his scholarship, or what value he set upon a liberal education. She guardedly gave the boy to understand that he was his uncle's chief heir. The boy, though he never asked any questions or made any remarks, heard all that was said, and also Mr. Barendt's expressions, from time to time, about his friend, — often short and abrupt, but strong and admiring always.

One day, Mary, by chance or in earnest, told her mother that Charley would never willingly go to college; that he was determined not to follow his uncle's example, and that he had a strong ambition to support himself; and the poor lady saw that her work and the silent hopes of many long, sad years were thrown away. It was another blow to her: she looked pained, but said nothing.

That night, her brother came, weary and worn and worried by his life in Congress, for a few days' rest. The next day, in the afternoon, it was said, all over the town, that young Charles Suydam was not to be found. Before that night, there was an alarm throughout the

streets. Men went to search the river and canal. As usual, guns were fired over the water. Mary Suydam, poor girl, was pale and trembling all the time. Nellie Bleecker did not leave her mother's house. In the midst of it all, the news spread that Mr. Schermerhorn had been taken with a fit, and could not live. It seemed as if many beams of a strong house were, all at once, giving way together. Mrs. Suydam, meanwhile, was sad, but calm and strong, and neglected nothing. Mrs. Bleecker was wondrously practical; for she at once began a questioning of Mary and Nellie.

At this turn, Mary, weeping bitterly, and thoroughly frightened, spoke to good purpose. She "believed the missing boy had run away, to get his own living: she didn't *know*; she hadn't *seen* him; but he said he would." Dr. Campbell soon set at rest the story that Mr. Schermerhorn was dying. Mr. Schermerhorn was partially paralyzed, and would not be able to go back to Washington. If things took a favorable turn, he would be about again shortly. The alarm, therefore, was somewhat quieted; but the town was all eager for news.

In the morning, Mrs. Suydam first saw upon her dressing-table a letter, which, after reading to herself, she read aloud to Mrs. Bleecker: “‘My dearer than any mother in the world! Don’t be afraid. I am not running away. I know I have found out what is weighing you down all the time; and, when you find I can do right by myself, you will be better. I shall not get into any thing bad. I have got my Bible and Prayer Book. . I shall keep your name for ever, and not disgrace it, — God so helping me, being my helper!’ (‘Ah! what a hurry he was in! Dear, dear Charley!’ said the mother.) ‘Your most true and loving of sons, Charles Suydam. I shall always write.’”

Mrs. Bleecker spoke tenderly and admiringly of the boy, and was silent. The tears streamed from the mother’s eyes. She started, put the letter into her bosom, wiped her face, and set herself about common things, without faltering.

Mr. Schermerhorn at once astonished everybody. He had himself removed to his long-forsaken house, and to his sister’s family.

Dr. Campbell was not in favor of summoning

Rector Digges to the sick man's chamber; but the sick man insisted. The result was a meeting of Mr. Barendt and Mr. Parsons with Mrs. Suydam and the Rector, and the hasty starting forth of Mr. Barendt afterwards to bring back, as it was said, the missing boy. Mrs. Bleecker was watching for him, as he set out, and exchanged a few words with him; and sharp eyes might have seen, at an upper window, a flushed and tearful face, hardly to be known for Nellie's, peering anxiously forth, as he went by.

The Schermerhorn house was now nearly shut to all the world.

As the days went on, of course, daily work went on; and, while blossoms and green leaves came out on the trees and shrubs, and grass in the borders and door-plots, garden-beds had been watered and weeded, and early vegetables already gathered and eaten, but also men rested at times upon spade or hoe, to ask and tell; women gossiped, from yard to yard; stoeps were alive in the evenings with question and answer; and market and bakery and barber's shop were all full of talk about the Schermer-

horns, and what had happened and was going to happen. Mr. Van Horne had got a New York newspaper, in which had been found this notice : "Charles S——, who left W. (on the Mohican), Thursday, May 20, 'to seek his fortune,' is requested to return at once. A parent's life is at stake. Seaport papers please copy ; and send to C. Barendt, counsellor-at-law, Westenvliet." On this, Mr. Van Horne remarked that Mrs. Suydam was too wise a woman to die because her son had pushed out into the world : he himself had got away off to Vancouver's Island, before he was seventeen. By all accounts, she was the main dependence now. — "And that handsome widow, Mrs. Bleecker," said Mr. Henry (so it seems that she was still called the handsome widow), "she told 'em about the seaports, the very last thing. They wouldn't have thought of asking the girls, only for her." "They 'd have been great fools, then," said Mr. Van Horne. "But you 'll know more than you know now, before a great while ;" and he walked away, like a wise man.

Not one day, nor two days, brought back.

Mr. Barendt, or the wanderer for whom he was in search. There were no telegraphs ; there were no fast mails ; there was no police organization or detective service, anywhere, fifty years ago. After a few days of tiresome waiting, the Westenvliet people began to be almost as restless and impatient as if they were waiting in a theatre for an actor who does not come on.

Mr. Schermerhorn asked no questions ; and he was not changing much, Dr. Campbell said. He was as dignified as ever ; and one could scarcely think him less strong or self-possessed than in all these years before. The other members of the household (of whom Nellie Bleeker was now one, to keep Mary company) were never seen.

The time seemed very long ; but, after all, this long time was only a few days. Then a letter came, with good news ; and every thing took a turn for the better. Mr. Barendt hoped to be at home with Charles Suydam, in five days : the delay was in getting over to Nantucket Island, and back. Charley was just as good as ever.

Now, it was astonishing how vegetables and strawberries and every thing grew. Mr. Schermerhorn was improving all the time. The weather suited everybody wonderfully. Mr. Van Horne got a flag flying from the top of the earliest and tallest hickory flagstaff in the town, — put up in the heat of the contest of Jackson with Adams. Mr. Van Arsdale got a good many people to keep it secret that “there would be a very pretty little show, when the young man came home again.” The Schermerhorn house made its neighbors welcome once more; and Nellie and Mary were, a great deal of the time, running out to the stoep, and in again. They had also planned an arrangement of three looking-glasses about Mary’s chamber-window, by which everybody coming from any quarter could be seen on the inside.

The time came. The news of Mr. Schermerhorn had lately been that there was no change. The crowd, gathered all along near where the railway cars used to come in, was, for Westenvliet, enormous. The two intelligent leaders,

full of great thoughts and strong words, who had been here for a few days, trying to find some "working men" to walk in a procession and make a demonstration, because the rolling and slitting mills at Troy had turned themselves and six others out, saw a chance to do another thing now, in the interest of manhood; and, hurrying to Mrs. Suydam (who opened her kind ears to them, supposing them objects of charity), proposed to "get up, in fifteen minutes, for a very moderate outlay, a first-rate public reception to her son Charles, as a representative of the cause of the working man." Dr. Campbell, happily coming down the stairs, relieved the house of them, by an order: "You two men, right about face! March! D'ye hear? See! there's a shilling t'ye. We've *something catching* in this house!"

Mr. Parsons (and, strangely enough, in his one-horse carriage, with young — he was still young — Mr. Van Cortlandt driving) was seen moving slowly about in the waiting crowd. Mr. Van Arsdale was there as Neptune, with crown and three-pronged sceptre, and in a

wagon decked with green, and with a vacant seat beside him, to be filled by Charles Suydam, whom Neptune was to restore to his mother.

The cars came in, — clumsy enough things ; and the people, by the time they had ended their curiosity about them, and about some distinguished-looking strangers in them, found that their two townsmen were not there, and went away to their homes, to talk it all over. As they scattered, different knots of them looked into the "Spencertown stage" and the "Ferrisburgh stage," and the few other vehicles to be met in the street.

Meantime, as the reader will have supposed, Charley Suydam, with Mr. Barendt, got home ; having been taken up by Mr. Parsons, a mile or two out, where the cars used to make a considerable stoppage. It is needless to say that, after all their preparation, the first thing the girls knew of the arrival was from Charley's voice. "Where *is* she ?" he asked, as soon as he got into the house ; and, running upstairs to his mother's room, went in, and shut the door behind him.

Before letting go his mother's hand, in his first salutation, the boy began: "Of course, it was right for me to come back. If I can do any thing for him, I will. But how can I take him for my father, when he never would let me love him, or even know him? Can't I keep on being your son?"

Mrs. Suydam, looking up with sad tenderness in Charley's honest face, and still holding his hand, drew from her bosom a letter. His eyes glistened; for it was his own. He kissed her hand, and like a child rubbed it on his forehead.

"Oh, it's another one that I want," she said; and again she drew a letter from her bosom, but this time very different. This was a clumsy, crumpled, shabby thing; and one that he had no knowledge of, when she asked him.

"My little Charley!" she said, as if she would take this fine, manly youth a good many years back, "I've had this ever since Mr. Barendt carried it for you: 'Dear Uncle,—I wish you would talk to us. We love you.'"

"I was a very little fellow when I wrote that," Charley said.

She drew him to her, and kissed his forehead, as if he were a child. "Charley," she said again, "from the moment his wife died (and she was lovely, — she was very lovely!), your father has been strange in one thing, — noble and great in every thing, strange in one single thing. He made me take you for my own. I *never* could bring him to claim you again. But all that he has, fame and character and fortune, are for you; and, on the instant when he heard that you were away from home, wandering, he was struck down, as if an axe had struck him. He has made a great change for *him*, too, Charley. He has come over here! He's living in this house!"

As may be supposed, Charles looked astonished, as if she had told him that one of the great elms at the foot of the garden had moved itself, and taken a new place.

There was a gentle knocking at the door; and she sent him to it. Mr. Barendt was there, with Mary. "Charley," said he, "now for the great thing!" and, putting his arm across the lad's shoulders, led him over to what used

to be called the Play-room, whose door was now standing ajar, and where a fire was burning in the open chimney. As they went in, Mr. Schermerhorn was standing with his back toward them, and leaning on the mantel. Charles saw him, for the first time, since he had known him to be his own father; and it was certainly a strange moment for him. Every feature showed intense feeling. Barendt, perhaps, showed scarcely less. The new-found father spoke without turning; and his voice had not lost the dignity or the mellowness, even, of the great speaker; but had both, as it were, shrunk or maimed.

"I've seemed to have my face turned from you always," he said; "and now I must really turn it away, for it's drawn a little out of its shape. I haven't any right to claim a son's love from you; and I will not. I will not profess a father's love for you: I have no right; and it's folly to think that a man's fixed habits — almost sacred habits — of years will change at a word. I cannot ask you to bear my name; and I will not. But, you

see, I have made some change ; and now can you let me live near my sister, and can you live on, and grow into a man before us both ? ”

There was a moment's silence. The eminent public man, now smitten by disease, and so falteringly asserting the character of father, stood uneasily. Barendt, in silence, seized the son's hand, and thrust him forward.

“ Yes, sir ! ” the youth said, finding will and voice, “ I can.”

In another moment, he had even taken his father's hand. The father started ; but, bending down his forehead to the mantel-shelf, held the grasp for a while, before gently letting it go.

Barendt looked earnestly at his friend ; then the two went out.

Near the door, again, he stood and listened. Then he went to the sister's door, which opened almost before he knocked. He bowed his head low, and said only the two words, “ Thank God ! ”

There was no answer ; and the door was gently shut.

"Now, boy," said Mr. Barendt, "go and see those two girls."

What must we say more?

We cannot tell how it came to be thought that it was Nellie Bleecker that set Mr. Barendt's face toward the sea, when he went forth upon his search; nor how she guessed the sea. When Mary laughingly questioned her about it, she only blushed and ran away, and would not answer.

The kindly satisfaction of the townspeople, we need not tell. Ten other flags, beside Mr. Van Horne's, were flying within an hour. A race was got up on the river.

Mr. Barendt, coming up again in the evening, and bringing Mr. Parsons, saw that skilful planner, Mr. Van Arsdale, scanning closely the office-front. "There always used to be some hooks up there," said the man of pageants.

"I believe there were," Mr. Barendt answered, now smiling freely, as he had not smiled the last time he looked upon them at the children's show. "We can try another thing."

The end was that the respectable Arion Sodal-

ity were allowed to play outside till they had satisfied themselves, and, then were called in, with Mr. Van Arsdale, and feasted.

My little light is out,
My short work done ;
And as my restful thoughts yet glide about
My pretty scenes and shapes, fondling each one,
If there come chilling doubt
How, in men's sight, my tender works shall fare,
I can but say, "Nay, I have done it well ;
And I will set it forth to friendly air.
They in whom heart-love and quick insight dwell
With my own maker-heart will share."
Yes ! I have wrought my best !
God give us all good rest !

MASTER VORHAGEN'S WIFE.

"Chi è quel prepotente," disse Renzo, colla voce d' un uomo che è risoluto d' ottenere una risposta precisa: "chi è quel prepotente che non vuole ch' io sposi Lucia?" — MANZONI, *I Promessi Sposi*, Vol. I. Chap. II.

["Who is this mighty fellow," said Renzo, with the voice of a man resolved to have a precise answer: "who is this mighty fellow who won't have me marry Lucy?"]

ONE of those clearing, clouding, showery, shiny days, which, often in our climate, coming too late for April, take up a large share of May, was showing out its character and propensities very likely in other places, but surely at that end of Fort Street which comes out on the river, near the old ferry, and which gives one, who is even hurrying across it, a beautiful and refreshing glimpse, in hot weather, of the smooth, cool water stretching over to bending trees and shrubs on the opposite bank. A very

respectable elderly gentleman, of (let us say) four or five generations back, — the time of one George the Second, of ungracious memory, — with a very respectable elderly lady, (may we not say, although ladies' ages are not governed by time, a lady of the same fourth generation back?) was walking down toward the river.

As sidewalks then were, in the old town, and in that thoroughfare, "Schans-Reede," or Redoubt-Road, as it was once called, it was not possible for the two to walk always side by side. When the day opened a hole in the clouds, and let the warm sun shine through, then the lady, going on by herself in front, with a quick, light pattering of her pattens, would fling up over her head a green silk shelter, as much out of proportion to her own brisk little body as the stretch of a banyan-tree must be to its original stem. When, again, the whimsical day began sprinkling things and beings with his fine drops of water, then the gentleman, regardless of the mire, — for the soles of his white-buckled shoes were thick and their heels high, and he had no ankle-cumbering trousers to catch the mud,

but had, instead, the good, glossy stockings of the time when men had legs, — would step away from the narrow planking to the lady's side, and, tucking his ivory-headed walking-stick under his arm, would throw up over her head and over her silken dress a still-wider-spreading green shelter, whose staff was like a weaver's beam.

So they were going down to the ferry, which at the time was thronged with men, black and white (and some women of the same colors), and toward which men and boys (and some women again) were hurrying. On the water itself was a good deal of stir, where were floating several loaded bateaux. A number of large wagons, standing near, made the crowd seem greater.

"There 's Mr. Justice Beekman, as early as it is," said the gentleman, "at Van Slyck and Van Schaack's boat; and Van Schaack looking stout and hearty again! Now will Peter Sickels be too busy among them, to be for going down the river? Good day to you, Jacob! Have *you* any truck from the west?

And where, think ye, shall we find Peter Sickels, in all this hurly-burly?"

The man of whom he asked this question — a tallish man, of thirty years or so — was standing with one foot on a stoep higher by three or four steps than the sidewalk, and with the other holding back on the threshold; and, while there hung from his mouth a long clay pipe, he was looking down over his large, silver-rimmed (or copper-rimmed) spectacles upon the busy scene at the ferry-landing. Called back by the words from the object of his contemplation, he turned his head, and looked askant and downward, with slow eyes, much like a very big but harmless bird, at the wayfarers; and then, with something of awkward ceremony, saluted them.

"No, no, Doem'nie," he answered, "it isn't for me to have any truck coming from back-country: no, no! As for Pete Sickels" (moderating his voice, and looking down toward the water again, while he spoke), "it's like he'll leave his ferry business any time, for any stir he can find: he's a — Well, there's a kind of sea-birds — I've read in my pricey book, you

know, Hendrick de Laet's History,— that is, in the Dutch of it, but looking as well to the Latin ” —

“I'm afraid that writer's not very plain, neighbor Vorhagen,” said the brisk lady, who, after walking on a little way, had turned round, to wait: “it always takes you so long to say, as often as I hear you quoting from him.”

The Dominie laughed a good hearty laugh, and, lifting his cocked hat, wiped his brow.

“No offence, schoolmaster,” he said; “but Jan de Laet, I think, was his name. I've heard you speak of those birds: what these English sailors, like Willem Satterlee, call ‘Mother Carey's’ ” —

“Willem Satterlee, sir,” said Vorhagen, in the same subdued voice in which he had spoken of Sickels, — “I don't know what for a seaman he's been, but for a schrijnwerker,* — what he is now ” — He looked up the street and across it to the corner, where a substantial yellow brick house was standing, surrounded by a fellowship of substantial trees. The Dominie's

* Cabinet-maker.

broad face was so good-humored and his voice so cheery that he could not be thought to be teasing. He followed with his eyes the direction in which Vorhagen had glanced, and where no human thing was to be seen, and said, —

“He made a pretty kas* for your wife, Jacob, they tell me: wasn't it good?”

“It's likely good: she didn't take it from him; but I haven't the keeping of her,” Meester Vorhagen answered, rather solemnly than bitterly, and looking again, as for relief, to the ferry, where a great hubbub and uproar were rising.

“Take care, Madam Van Schaats!” cried the Dominie, who was not so taken up with Vorhagen as not to see and hear other persons and things. “You'd best step up on Jacob's stoep, for a little. These big wagons, in muddy ways, are not the things for ladies' good clothes. With your leave, neighbor Vorhagen,” he added, as, giving a hand to Madam Van Schaats, he led her to the little wooden platform.

The lively lady, for her part, had no sooner

* Cabinet. The word has come down to our day.

found her standing, than like a bird, singing the moment it lights upon a twig, she began:—

“To me it seems surer you should have taken her into your own keeping, while you might, neighbor: for a woman like that it’s easy making friends.”

A slow puff of smoke rose from Meester Vorhagen’s pipe, and he took off his spectacles. Some very weighty answer may have been forthcoming; but, just now, one of the wagons that the Dominie had spoken of, drawn by four great pounding horses, almost as thoroughly covered with harness as a tortoise with shell, came lumbering up the way, attended and followed by shouting of two or three black men, while a black urchin or two, with shrill outcry, holding to some rope, stumbled in the mud behind, or sprawled in it, flung off by a lurch of the huge wain. At such a mischance, the other little ragamuffins jeered; the Dominie and his company smiled good-naturedly.

“If you could only hold school over these two Pinkster* days, Jacob, it would be good,

* Pentecost (Whitsuntide).

wouldn't it?" the Dominie asked, as soon as the noise, going beyond them, gave them leave to speak again. At the same time, he held out his hand to lead Madam Van Schaats down. "I mean," he added, "if we could keep the youth from these feestdaage * that are no good."

The schoolmaster looked a little worried and fidgety. Two white boys were near enough to hear; and when are boys not quick to catch such words as "school," "keep in," "holiday," among their elders?

"If you could keep the older people away," he said, with a look of trouble on his face.

The lady, as she went clattering briskly down the steps, said, —

"The poor onderwijzer † could no more hold the youngsters in, on these days, than he could hold an armful of water." And, bowing to the schoolmaster, she walked on.

"The boys know pretty well what kracht ‡ I have in keeping-in," said the man, whose might had been handled so lightly. "The

* Feasts or festivals.

† Master.

‡ Might.

master is like the king. You know that pretty well, boys?"

"I should think so!" said one of the two boys, emphatically. "So should I!" said the other, with like stress; and both smiled.

The Dominie shook his good-humored head and wig at them. "Always be a good boy, Derrick," he said.

"You hear what she says about the handsome Jannetje," said he to the master, aside. "She says what's true, my friend. I take leave to say it's not treating well that very fine young woman, if you don't take her, or let some other take her." And then, with longer steps, he followed the lady, and shortly came up with her.

"Whenever I see that young man, Bernardus," she said, without turning, as he drew near, "I wonder me at Jane Sickels's father, — what he could wish her to marry such a mullein-stick for! Schoolmaster! fiddle for his schoolmastery, if he hasn't got any more good heart in him!"

"If the father hadn't laid it on her, Alida," he answered, "it wouldn't hurt me to see her

drop him off. It is a shame and a pity ! Perhaps she may. Good morning, Mr. Justice ! Good morning, neighbors !” And, receiving their answering greetings, he led Madam Van Schaats into the crowd.

It was a little hard to thread their way safely through men and women, and horses and wagons at the dock ; but every one knew them, and made it as easy as might be. Peter Sickels was almost the first man whom they met, near the water. He had a bait-box in his hand. He was a spare man, with brown face and plenty of black beard.

“So you’re going down the river, friend Peter,” said the Dominie. “Can you take two passengers as far as Joseph Wygandt’s ? I suppose Hank ’ll keep the ferry very well on such a day.”

“Surely, Dominie, and you’re welcome ; only the boat isn’t fit for such as you are. It’s mussy, you know, and the Madam ’ll get her skirts soiled. You see I dress myself o’ purpose.” (His dress was a worsted roundabout and corduroy breeches, with thick stockings and

stout shoes.) "The woman wants a little fresh fish (and we all like it very well), and so I go."

"Good reason," said the other, laughing, "and good for us, and seems to hold good with you, every now and again, friend Peter, to give you a little change. But see! We'll stretch this good coat for the lady to sit on, and I'll pull an oar with you, if you will."

"That would hardly be fitting, to leave you in shirt-sleeves, Doem'nie," said the ferry-master.

"Every man skipper of his own boat, neighbor Peter," answered the pastor, who had evidently sound principles. "I shall do your bidding on board your craft."

A little further down the river-bank, near a broad, smooth stone, was Sickels's wherry, in which a seat was soon wiped, after some fashion; and the lady, daintily enough, but without wasting time or words, seated herself.

As this took some time, Dominie Van Schaats in the mean while addressed himself to Justice Beekman, a short, well-dressed man, with heavy brows and thick lips.

"Can I have a word with you, Mr. Justice?" he asked: "it's for the public good."

Mr. Justice Beekman had more than one eye, and an eye for more than one business. He answered quickly, —

"Any suit or controversy not over forty shilling,' the law is; but, if the parties are willing, pretty nearly any thing. I have a small fee for extra trouble ('thou shalt not muzzle the thrashing ox,' that is), but then — for *your cloth*, Doem'nie" — with a wave of the hand.

He set himself beside the pastor, turning so as to face toward the bateau from which he had just come, and, pursing his lips, lent his ears, while his eyes, from under his heavy brows, were fastened upon the men whom he had left.

"I'm troubled about this Pinkster-work among our blacks," said the pastor (the justice gave a glance at him): "the drunkenness and wickedness" —

"So!" said the justice.

"I am on my way to neighbor Wygandt's now. Is there nothing we can do to check these days

of debauchery, think you, Justice Beekman? We can have pitching of the bar at neighbor Wygandt's feast, without drinking; and we can have just a run of farmers' horses without drinking. We can set an example."

"When they commit an offence, then we can try it," said the man of law.

"But," said the pastor, "can we not, somehow, stop the sale of strong waters" —

"They pay his Majesty's duties and excise," answered the justice, making a sign with his hand to direct something at the boat, while he spoke: "they pay one-half of the king's revenue."

"But just at this time, to keep it from blacks and whites both, at Pinkster-Hollow?"

"How can we do it, you see, Doem'nie? — No power" — ("Stay, Hans!" he called to the boat) — "but let them do a trespass, Doem'nie, let them break the peace, then see! — By the way, do you know how it is with the schoolmaster now, Dominie Van Schaats? Will he marry our Jufvrouw Sickels?"

"Oh, dear, no!" the pastor answered. "I hope not. That's a little too bad!"

"It's needful to foreclose a little mortgage or two,—an easy thing: it will be good for him."

The pastor saw how busy Justice Beekman was; and he saw that he himself, in his innocence, had given needless information: he knew, too, that Mr. Sickels was waiting. He hastened to say that he meant that "the school-master was slow," and then took formal leave, and went to his place in the wherry.

Now the ferry-master, having persuaded the good Dominie that it was easy work for one man, with the current, took both oars, and with steady strokes soon left the turmoil of the landing behind.

"Wygandt, I suppose, is very busy these days, with his barn-raising and getting ready for his Pinkster-feast?" said the oarsman. "The jobmen are few for there, and here at the river, too."

The Dominie looked grave.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose so; though I wish well we could get rid of the blacks' Pinkster-business. All that drunkenness and debauchery is no good for us."

The lady shook her lively head, and set her eyes upon Sickels, to see what answer he would make.

"But, Dominie," he said, "whether isn't it better the servants should have their fling-out, with their masters looking on, than to go out into the woods somewheres, by themselves, and lie round drunken? These blacks can't take care of themselves."

"Ay, friend Peter," said the pastor; "and is this taking Christian care of them, to give them, as you say, their fling-out, with rum and idleness and wickedness? We'll send away our Tom for a few days, and we'll give the house-wenches an entertainment for themselves. What's this story about the big Indian, Kooskanagharas? They don't look for our doughty constable, Wessell Hagadorn, to catch him?"

"You've sent away Tom?" the rower asked, with some interest, perhaps, in the experiment. "About Kooskanagharas, I think, is only a boys' story. It's said some chickens are missed, and a sucking-pig. Your Tom, I believe, saw him."

"The boy's here yet," said Tom's master; "but we will send him away in good time."

"You think Tom ought to have his fun, like the rest?" asked Madam Van Schaats, who had looked sharply in his face. "I think perhaps Master Tom would say the same thing." And she spread her sun-shelter, and brushed some speck from her husband's coat; giving him first a little thrust with a finger.

"The old town looks pretty from the water!" said Sickels, whose face was, of course, turned up the stream. "I should like to see those things all brought right, Doem'nie: they ought to be, no doubt, only not too fast."

"Jacob Vorhagen's house, for instance," said the Dominie, after turning round and looking. "Good place for *a wife*, Peter, eh? — He ought to keep his chimneys up, though."

"Um!" said Sickels, with a sort of growl: "she'll throw him overboard, if she follows my advice. What business has that fellow, that hasn't got the heart of a pig, to pretend to keep her tied fast by the foot to him?"

The good-humored pastor laughed, but said,

striking his cane on the thwart in front, "What, man! would you put asunder man and wife? Now, if it wasn't for breaking plight, I'd go with you, Peter."

"If you believe me, Doem'nie, there was never any troth-plight about it. That good-for-nought goes to old uncle Tunis Sickels, and makes uncle think he's a learned man; and then there was all this Vorhagen property, here, that used to run down into the river: he made the old man believe it was half his.— You've heard all this?— And, to this day, he never called her kinder than 'Jufvrouw Sickels,' and would have her call him 'Onderwijzer Vorhagen,' or 'Schoolmaster Vorhagen,' or 'Heer Onderwijzer,' or 'Mister Schoolmaster,' and, in an evening, for diversion, would read to her how Sarah obeyed Abraham, and called him 'Lord.'"

Dominie Van Schaats smiled. He said only: "I've heard of that book of Johannes de Laet's he has; but I'm listening, friend. Go on, if you please. We're both good friends of Jannetje's, and wish her happy."

Thus exhorted, Peter Sickels went on : —

“ Now there isn't enough of that Vorhagen property belonging to this Jake to bury him in. It's all slipped away, or mortgages been piled up on it, till he's paying more interest than that rat-house's rent, twice or three times over. Gerardus, his brother, took off all the wit they had, and pretty much all the money, when he went off to the farm. This Jacob's in a peck of trouble, now, for five English pounds. I should not wonder but it'll finish him. His cousin's husband, Joseph Wygandt, here, has helped him once too often.”

“ But about the old gentleman, friend Peter : did he send for Jane, and put their hands together, and promise her his blessing, if she married him ? ”

Sickels rested on his oars, to answer.

“ Whoever told you that, Doem'nie, he wasn't making good use of his time, nor yours. Uncle Tunis was pretty wise, in his day. Only he thought a great deal of '*learning*,' and he thought this dumb-head, Jake Vorhagen, was '*learned* ;' and, then, here was the land, running

right along with uncle's land, down into the water. So he said, 'Jennie, this man wants you to be his wife, of all the girls in town. If you can love him, I wish you would. The Good Book says learning's better than house and land (and he's got the house and the land, too).' That's exactly the story: I've got it by heart. It was three years before he died. Daar is geen verlooving, Doem'nie. There is no engagement: you may take my word."

"Can you touch bottom here?" Dominie Van Schaats asked; and, turning quietly, he gently took out of his wife's hand the substantial parasol, whose stout ribs had struck him more than one blow on his respectable hat, on his shoulder, and on his neck; for she was sleeping with the same energy that enlivened her waking hours. She roused herself, and, charging the sun with the fault of her dozing, shut up the parasol, and laid hold of the conversation, saying, "That's good about Vorhagen's going to Tunis Sickels—and about her being tied by the foot—I hear."

Peter Sickels was too well-mannered to see any of this little by-play.

"Oh, yes, anywhere, Doem'nie," he answered. "Naturally, a man may be drowned in this river; but he'd have shallow water near him in any place."

"Well, that's a very good story. How did you hear it? Were you there too?"

"No, Wim* Satterlee told me first. He was very sorry, seeing how things were, — why, do you know that's ten years ago, — ah, well, *six* years, then, — why, she was just in her teens, poor thing! Now look where she is! — I should like to hang that fellow and his *learning* up to the church-steeple!"

Again the good-natured pastor laughed.

"There's little love between you two; but I don't think schoolmaster Jacob's learning would put much to his weight. So Wim Satterlee is sorry for her, is he? — once sorry for her, and twice for himself, eh? How did Mister Willem Satterlee get this story? Surely, *he* wasn't by?" And again he laughed.

"I see you will have the right of it," said Sickels. "Satterlee got it of this Jake Vorha-

* Dutch diminutive for William.

gen himself, before they were unfriends. It was over that they quarrelled. Wim shamed him for being such a dog in the crib. Then I asked Jennie, and she said it was just so, word for word; but she wouldn't tell me (what I know) that Uncle Tunis told my mother, one day, that Jennie should not be wasted for any man."

The Dominie twitched his wife's dress behind him.

"And is Will Satterlee *very* sorry for her?" he asked, laughing again, and then turning round on his seat until he could catch his lively dame's eye; which answered two purposes,—first of making sure that she was awake, and next of sharing the fun with her. "It's a thing to be sorry for, indeed, though, poor young woman!"

Peter Sickels answered, —

"I hope he'll give the other man a little of that godly sorrow: he has my good wish for it."

The lady now spoke again, showing that she was thoroughly awake, —

"Hah! that would give Meester Vorhagen a

little learning that he might be the better for, I think," said she.

"I've got her promise that she'll bring him to his bearings, sure, at this feast of Wygandt's," said the cousin. "Here's his way: he appointed to meet her, here at the ferry, to go over to his cousin's! — But this'll be the last of him, I hope."

"A good promise! keep her to it! — And here's Joseph Wygandt's!" the pastor said. "Now, many thanks, friend Peter; and see here, if you will. I think we'll walk up on this side of the river (it's only a mile) and go over to town by the ferry. You needn't think of us any more, about getting back. It's very likely, too, he'll send us back in his wagon to the ferry. I've got a little business with him: it may take ten minutes, it may take an hour. Good luck to your fishing!"

So, with kindly salutations, to which Madam Van Schaats added hers, with a mannerly, if not a stately curtsey, he took leave, and with his wife turned to Joseph Wygandt's.

"Bernardus," said the lady, as the plash of

oars began to grow farther and fainter, "it will never do that Jannetje Sickels should be tied to this bedrieger, this niets beduidend" —

The worthy Dominie stood still and laughed a hearty laugh, and struck his great rain-shelter on the ground.

"Heh! good, Alida!" he said, "'cheat,' and 'good-for-naught!' I think you're giving the man better degrees than he'll ever get from Leyden or Utrecht."

"As well tie her to a horse-post, and make her keep step with it," she continued, finishing her sentence. "This other man, if he were of our belief" —

"Het geloof is niet andere: his belief is well enough. If it had the good word 'Hollandsch,' I would like well the English church-worship for a most holy and reverend godsdienst."

Wygandt's place fronted perhaps as much on the river (where it showed several simple landing-places, with boats of various sizes and shapes) as on the road which lay along the other side. Some fine trees, chiefly elms, with a few maples and a chestnut or two, gave it a

look of elegance as well as comfort. There were gables enough upon the house to make it picturesque, and dormer-windows enough to show that convenience had been consulted everywhere in the building. The cluster of huge barns, which stood about a wide cattle-yard to the westward, told of rich crops and of a good larder. A great crowd of big timbers for the frame of a new barn—for men did not build of laths or scantling or weather-boards in those days—were standing up against the sky; and about them, below and aloft, white men and black men were swarming.

“Do you know, Bernardus,” said the lady, as if reminded, “I’m thinking, from something Peter Sickels said, we’ll need to look closely to Tom?”

“That’s on the Pinkster days?” he answered. “Oh! I don’t think the boy’ll try to play us a trick.”

Dominie Van Schaats and his wife walked inward from the river-bank, with their eyes fixed on the stirring scene,—the posts reared slowly up and swaying in the air, and the lithe

and nimble climbers, here and there; and the two good people had their ears filled with the jargon of cries of masters and men.

A great voice came to them, as soon as they were near enough to be hailed.

"My respects to you, Mr. Doem'nie, and welcome; and to you, Madam.—Now, one more lift! Heave, all of you! So!—If you'd please walk into the house: the good woman's there. We're soon through.—Hy! sway that over the other way.—Kindly excuse my being busy, for a little bit, Doem'nie."

This broken speech came from a large, red-faced man, who was standing, solid and heavy, on a beam of the second story with an arm round an upright timber, and was fanning himself with his hat. At the last word, he clapped his hat on his head, and made his way down a ladder, followed by a lesser man, whose tow apron and measuring-stick showed him to be a carpenter.

The farmer caught up from the grass, as he came, a good-sized mug, and, having dipped it in a tub which was standing near, came forward

with very hearty and formal greetings to his pastor and the lady. When he ended, the carpenter, on a smaller scale, went through the like courtesy. Then the pastor congratulated the farmer on the greatness of his new building, and paid a pretty compliment to the skill of the builder also. Shouts and laughter came from the men at the frame-raising, as if they contrived to amuse themselves, somehow, in the farmer's absence.

"Will the good lady be pleased to touch this with her lips?" said the farmer, presenting his cup, courteously baring his head. "There's better inside," he added, lowering his voice, and looking toward the house. "This is the work-drink."

Dominie Van Schaats, who, as we have seen, had his mind stirred on the subject of the drinking-usages among his flock, looked a little uneasy.

The lady daintily held the cup to her lips, and returned it with a sweeping curtsy. Her husband, when it was with as much ceremony presented to himself, took time to say, as he lifted his hat from his head, —

"I would that I could honor your hospitality, friend Joseph, without drinking rum to it. I'll speak of that when I've time fitting."

He then put the liquor to his mouth, as briefly as his wife before him, and gave it back.

"More thanks," he said, "for the heart-kindness than for the drink."

To this sentiment the carpenter gave his assent with particular earnestness and solemnity; and the next moment after the cup was put into his charge by the farmer, who turned to escort his guests into the house, the man of saws and planes provided against spilling much of the liquor, on his way back, by taking a good, steady draught, as he stood.

"Friend Wygandt," said the pastor, "as you must, by all rules, go back to your men and your work, I will say what I wish, as we walk. Pinkster is now close at hand. All our blacks will come out to the wood: can you not help to stop the shame and sin of the time?"

Then, as the farmer looked inquiringly, he said, "I mean, my dear friend, the drunkenness and all the badness, that are both a shame and

sin to us, on these old heylige daage, that surely ought to be otherwise kept, if kept at all."

"Indeed, what I can, I will gladly do," said the burly farmer; "but the way is not altogether clear. It is my land; but they are everybody's and nobody's servants."

"If we could keep away the rum and the gin," the pastor said.

"Then, too," said the farmer, "the white folks drink their liquor, you see," Here his eyes turned to his cup-bearer, the carpenter, who, before reaching the pond of liquor in the tub, had stopped to take another good draught (turning, to be sure, his back, the while, to the men at the frame-raising, perhaps to diminish the force of his example). "I must keep a free house, Doem'nie Van Schaats, and I see not well how to alter. The white people will come out, also, at Pinkster: I must have my Hollands, and my Geneva, and my whiskey, all set forth in a row. Every man of standing must do so, or be counted niggardly. You know how it is. What can I do?"

The worthy pastor's face showed a bewildered-

ment: here was a swamp of most faithless footing, straight in front of him, and no way forwards but through it.

"I will set my best example," said the farmer. "I will encourage no drinking-bouts, no pledging of healths, no calling for bumpers; but I cannot ask them not to drink, in my own house. There it is!" and the farmer's red face showed more perplexity than that of his guest. This thought of churlishness seemed too hard for him.

"So you will, good friend," said his pastor: "you will try to do as a Christian elder ought. It is hard to begin" —

They were near the door; although the farmer, to bring his guests in by an honorable way, had gone by both the hospitable-looking door at the back, under the long, red roof, and a side-door, with a little roof of its own, and led them round to the broad front of the house, across which was stretched in letters and Arabic numerals the inscription "A. · 1698 · D.," and to the great, green front door, of which the upper half was hospitably open, and showed a dusky, wide

hall, stretching out to some dim light in the distance. As the four stood on the broad, worn door-stone, under the pent-house which covered it, farmer Wygandt, having bestowed no little strength in beating upon his door, had come to a conclusion, which he uttered as if it offered a safe and happy retreat from the difficulties and perplexities of his situation. To understand these, it must be remembered that he was, on the one hand, an elder of the church; and, on the other, a landholder, forth-standing and rich, living on the same ground on which his father and grandfather had lived before him.

“If the Doem’nie will please to come out, at the Pinkster-time, himself,” he said, “then he can set a good pattern how every one must behave.”

He had spoken his sentence, and had brought his wife to the door by his peal of heavy knocking. He now delivered ceremoniously into her charge his guests; the Dominie having the clouds by no means cleared from his broad and kindly face.

“I will see,—I will see,” he said: “the Pink-

ster-frolic is no good place." But he cut off his deliberation to yield himself and his party to the worthy Dame Wygandt,—a motherly-looking person, not much smaller than her husband,—who took them into the dim depths of the house. As we shall meet them by and by, we shall not follow them now ; for this visit has no bearing upon our story.

The sun had gone over quietly, to look at the world from the other side, and had doubtless, long since, cast behind them the shadows of the homeward-going Dominie Bernardus Van Schaats, and Madam, his wife ; the cows had been driven in to the milking ; more than one little black boy, who had been stealing his half holiday in the country, had gone lagging back, making fearful reckoning, as he went, how much his baas * would give for the lie that looked so pretty in the earlier day, about the wolf that he had followed to get his baas the bounty ; or the wondrous swarm of bees, in May, worth all a load of hay ; when the ferry-master, Sickels, having reeled up his line, was softly rowing his

* Master, boss.

way up the river, on the shady side. He was singing of "Een' oude vrouw, die snuif gemind," * when, over against where a bridle-path met the water, he became aware of the sound of a horse's hoofs and of a man's voice going along with it. Mr. Sickels slackened his rowing, and called out, "Wie is daar?" †

"Ben de Dominie's Tom, Baas Sickels," answered the horseman, who was now to be seen, astride of a stout black pad, "ridin' dis horse ober to grass, for three days, at Pakter Van Wagenen's." [This was in Dutch, as was the rest: we give it in the English of later generations of his class, making our English only a fair match for his Dutch.]

"You go straight on the way, you rogue!" said Mr. Sickels, laughing.

"Yes, baas," said the other. "Mus' water him; can't use a costly horse bad. I jes' wis' dey'd run dis hoss at Baas Wygandt's Monday. Why, do you know dis 'ere hoss beat any thing dere is in dis country? Yes, baas! he'll do it."

"You've tried him often enough, o' nights,

* An old woman that liked snuff.

† Who's there?

with the other boys : you ought to know. Will he beat Squire Beekman's gray?" Mr. Sickels asked.

"Beat him! Beat him dead's one o' dem Dutch herrin'. You min' what I say, Baas Sickels. Some time you'll see, — know'd you was here, baas, — 'stonishin' ting 'bout dis business! Dis horse got two shoes he'll drop, jes' about too late to get 'em sot, I knows he will; jes' as sure's you livin' man, he will. Den next day Sunday: s'pose Hans Krukken set dem shoe Sunday, if I ahks 'im: can' do it! My baas's Doem'nie, so, dere! can' get on! Den nex' day's Pinkster: bad day for niggers to be round, Baas Sickels."

"Why didn't you get them set before you started, you rascal?" Mr. Sickels asked.

"Couldn' stop, Baas Peter, — couldn' stop; was on Doem'nie's business. I alla's seen it, 'bout dis Pinkster-time: you's tied up: you try to go: you can't go. Like a man walks in a wood, en comes right round 'gain."

Mr. Sickels laughed.

"I 'spec' de' 'll be great times o' Monday,

baas," and here Tom shook and swayed about on his horse, with laughter: "the school-boys tell me (I don' gib no names, baas, but one ob 'em won'ful like yours, baas) dat big Injin goin' to be cotch, and *kep in the school*, tell dey can sen' him to Fort York."

Here he laughed again, as thoroughly as before. Mr. Sickels, meanwhile, sat in his boat, holding with an oar to the bank, and smiling upon the negro's merriment. Tom seemed to know just how far he might go with the white man to whom he was talking. He ran on freely: "Mynheer baas Jacob Schoolmaster wants keep school, a little, Pinkster: so, 'course, dese good boys 'll let him" (here another burst of laughter). "You see if Baas Saddle-tree don' get a chance to walk along o' Miss Jannetje dat day!—Come, Doem'nie!" (to his horse) "now walk off, so 's not to hurt you'se'f!—Sarbant, Baas Sickels!—Mebbe we *git a run fo' dis hoss*, Monday, after all."

Mr. Sickels, having listened with amused curiosity to all this, now shoved his wherry's bow into the stream. As the black boy turned off, the ferry-master called after him,—

"Take care the Doem'nie doesn't catch you fooling, you boy! and remember the watch-house for niggers, after dark!"

The black took a more cheery view of things.

"I got my paper o' leab, Baas Sickels," he said, "as good 's de king's. De Doem'nie he knows I don' git drunk, nor I don' 'buse a hoss" —

"I think," Mr. Sickels called out again, "I 've seen you riding a little faster than you 're going now."

At this the black smiled broadly, but went on, "Es fo'det watch-house, I don' 'spec' to 'spose dis hoss to de night air!" And so Tom rode away.

Pinkster, or Whitsunday, has no mark of its own in the Hollandish worship; but, as our readers would expect, good Dominie Van Schaats, having his heart and mind stirred by the evil wrought among his flock by the ill-keeping of the Pinkster-holidays, used the day to give wholesome rede and warning. As the day was most bright, so the kerk was thronged; and he had plenty of hearers. The singers (taking in

a few blacks in their far-off gallery) cheered and gladdened the service, which without them might have been a little longsome. "Every person of standing and weight must throw himself on the good side," the pastor said, "not against harmless fun and frolic, but against sin and mischief."

Meester Vorhagen turned round at the singing, in which the fair and comely maiden Janetje Sickels bore a melodious part, and peered over his spectacles, first at her, and then (stealthily) over the congregation, perhaps to see if there were among them any other pretender to her favor than himself.

It was whispered about after the service that Dominie Van Schaats and the Madam were likely to be at the games and the run, before the feast at farmer Wygandt's, to be near the black people's Pinkster-sports, and so help to keep down misrule and misbehavior. As may be supposed, other worthy people meant to be there also. Mr. Justice Beekman gave out that he himself meant to go over.

Pinkster-Monday was as fine as the day be-

fore. The sun came early, and, brushing away all clouds and mists, looked with his broad, handsome face over the whole valley, and into as many parts of it as he could see. Forth came the birds, bright and early, and twittered and lilted and warbled, with voices mellowed in fresh dew, on the boughs and fences. Before the birds, black faces glossy and merry, of men and women, had looked out at the face of the sky and at each other ; and many a saucy and many a flattering and—sooth to say—many a twitting word had floated across the dewy air almost before the bird-songs. A sudden scraping of fiddle-strings, a sharp blast of a tin horn, a short, strong rub-a-dub on a drum, laugh, song, and most melodious whistle, had come up, like so many puffs of life, from the shady streets and flowery gardens, and from among the sharp gables of the good old town.

In short, the town was early astir ; and if the foremost share of air and sunlight had been given to the blacks, later and more slowly, as if with a feeling that no responsibility was upon them for what the day was to bring forth, the

white masters and mistresses, and boys and girls, and the many who were neither slaves nor masters, had greeted the morning, and were drinking their tea and eating their buttered corn-cake and wheaten bread and bacon or eggs, boiled or fried, or whatever they had and liked.

Somehow or other, it happened that, before the day had long had possession of the world, Mr. William Satterlee, cabinet-maker and whilom sailor, a very likely and even yet a sailor-like young man, was by the landing at the foot of Fort Street, about which also, on land and water, were swarming a little bustling crowd of different colors. There was the ferry-boat, waiting for its freight; and there, beside bateaux from the back country, were floating strange craft of many shapes and sizes, over which were much chattering and laughing and (when does it happen otherwise?) some quarrelling of the black and dusky occupants.

There was, moreover, a red, round-faced little man, whom, even at this early hour, the bateau-men were plying with "strong-waters,"

assuring him that "good drink was going to be stopped by law; the Doem'nie and the justice had planned it together." This little man they called "Con," and "Stawble," and "Stop-sel" (English "stopple"), and "Haggy," and "Dorny."

The wearer of these many nicknames took on, in turns, a steady look, and a merry look, and an official look, and a hail-fellow look, as the drink touched different corners in him.

If Satterlee was there to see the motley gathering, or to launch a new and very shapely and tasteful wherry, of which, as it appeared, he himself had been the maker, this was not his whole business. Mr. Peter Sickels, the ferry-owner, having a little spare time on his hands, strolled along the sandy edging of the water, and, as if by some understanding, the two met, and were at once in earnest conversation, away from the little throng. That they were talking of something about which Satterlee's feelings were strong, might be seen from what he did while he talked or listened. At one moment, he shook his head many times, and

stamped upon the little beach; at another, he took up a handful of sand, and, while he was saying something with much emphasis, scattered it in the air; and again he tossed up a stone to sink in the water. Out of all these doings a fanciful person might perhaps make a story. We leave to the reader, if he have a fancy for such things, to fit them together into shape.

"Poor old Hagadorn mustn't stay there," Satterlee said suddenly, "to be made game and shame of, and lose his place!" And he set off, as if to draw him away.

The constable, at the same time, gathered about him as much of his dignity as he could, and set out for himself. The two did not come together; and, after following them with his eyes, the ferryman called out, just loud enough for his late companion, —

"Mind, now, it will all come out right. You go straight on, and believe what I tell you!"

Constable Wessell Hagadorn, with hat strongly set on head, and eyes strongly set in face, was trying to walk so very straight and narrow

a path up from the river that he was ever and anon going out to one side or the other.

William Satterlee walked up Fort Street, if not with the tread of a conqueror, at least with a good, sturdy step. It may have been that his foot was planted more firmly, and that he held himself more upright, as he went by the schoolmaster's house; and it is pretty sure that a head, wearing spectacles on its sober front, which had thrust itself out from that house, and had turned its calm face toward the river, was drawn back—head, face, spectacles, and all—a great deal more suddenly than it had put itself forth. The air of the neighborhood was tuneful with the notes which the sometime sailor was whistling of “God save the King,”—a melody which had grown suddenly popular, and which was blown and beaten by the fifer and drummer of York Fort, morning, noon, and night. The constable, as he went on before, tried to march to it, but bethought himself, and took to his former gait.

The house in which the late Tunis Sickels had left his daughter and young son was the com-

fortable-looking yellow building at the corner of Fort and Vandewater Streets, once called respectively "Schans-Reede" and "Melk-Steeg," or Sconce Road and Milk Lane, to which, near the beginning of this story, we described the schoolmaster, Vorhagen, and Dominie Van Schaats, as turning their eyes, at a certain point of their conversation. It was said that every one of its bricks had been brought all the way from Holland; and any one is free to believe the story. Wherever they had come from, they had made a thoroughly solid, respectable house, with gambrel roof and big, square chimneys having railing and balusters between them; with outstanding bands, and drip-course, and window-caps, of bricks set edge-wise and end-wise, and a kindly-looking doorway, opening in half, or in whole, at the end of a walk through flowers and shrubbery.

The birds and the sunshine had already, for some time, been making themselves at home in the front yard of this Sickels house; and there were, just now, two black women, younger and older, sitting in a side doorway, laughing

and "chaffing" one another, freely, in Dutch. Their talk, as it concerned themselves, and not us, we leave to the wind that bore it sportively away. These homely things seemed, in their way, to become the place, as birds and sunshine, in another way. That which gave a real finish to all, and crowned the whole, was a comely maiden of something more than twenty years, perhaps pale, but well-favored, broad-browed, and deep-eyed,—in short, Jannetje Sickels, often called, as if to mark a feeling of the woful unfitness of the thing, "Vorhagen's Wife."

Nothing covered her rich brown hair but a snood, after-comer of the old "haar-netjes" of her grandmothers. Her neatly fitting dress (which was dark with a white kerchief about her throat) became her as down becomes a bird. If her lips stood opening, as it were, even when still, one could only long for words that would not break the charm of the stillness. Whatever stray lock of hair escaped, to do as it would, wound itself about, as a stream flowing freely winds to touch at many points a lovely dale.

Janet was standing this morning on the Fort Street side of her yard, with one hand at arm's length resting on the fence, her face in deep thought, and her eyes looking steadfastly across the street. Her other hand, holding some flowers, was resting on her round hip. What the maiden was thinking of, we have no gift to tell, seeing that she did not open her lips; but the black people had their own thoughts, and the younger one was saying in Dutch, for which we give English such as the same class spoke a generation or two later: "Miss Jansje's jes' about a-bringing that schoolmaster to de scratch, you see! She ain' a-goin' to dangle at de end ob a string, for dat sort ob a donkey" ("domoor," as she irreverently called the master). "Dere's dat Englis' Willem Satterlee, he's a pooty man, and he'd be glad to git our Miss Janet,—I knows he would,—'dout waitin' years, till she's gone, en got dead and buried." When she had fairly come to an end, the elder gravely turned to her, and said: "Dere now, you Sal, you may's well shet you' brack mout',—you had. Where you git all dis you talk?"

"I hard Pete Sickels, down at de landin', tell dat his cousin (who's dat, I like to know?) promise him she teach dat teacher a bery short lesson dis bery day. Dare now!"

Whether any thing of this was in the young mistress's mind, as she stood there, thoughtful, how can we tell, more than the reader? We know that, as the constable went by, taken up with the one thought of walking his straight path, her true eyes looked sorrowfully upon him, for, in truth, he looked silly.

Sal left her seat, and shambled up to her mistress's side, with as much put-on as true awkwardness, most likely.

"Please, Miss Jansje," she said in Dutch, for which we give about as good English, "you goin' to gib me dat yallah strip, dis time, got de red flowers on? I been good wench all winter,—berly good wench, Miss Jans." And she smiled a wonderfully broad smile.

At this Janet turned round, smiling too.

"Why, if the Doem'nie's Tom isn't going to be there, Sal, I don't see what you want to dress yourself finely for," she said, in Dutch also.

The black girl bridled up, laughing.

"Tom ain' my husbin', Miss Jans," she said: "you say any woman got to keep to her husbin'. Dat's all bery good: I don' make no boder 'bout dat, Miss Jans; but how you 'spec' a woman go'n' for get married (dat is," she added, remembering that, in slavery, it took more than two to make a bargain, "s'pos'n' her folks is willin'), how she go'n' to git a husbin' ef she don' try for 'em?"

The older woman came up, and, giving Sal a shove, said, —

"Now, Miss Jansje been so good to gib you dat yallah strip, you go 'way, now."

"You mean, Nance, now that Sal's been so good as to ask me; for I haven't heard a word about any giving," said Janet, laughing.

"Well, now, Miss Jansje," Nance answered, with a sly look, "you mus' jes' 'scuse me now. I seen you bery ready an' kin' for dat baas to git a promus hang on all dese years, en 'caze you tink you' fader want you to, now" —

There was evidently a great deal of indulgent kindness in Janet's relation to the old slave-woman; but this was going too far.

"Nancy!" she said, "what are you thinking of? Be still! If I'm kind, you needn't be saucy."

Nance's feelings moved fast. She had felt, very likely, the itching to kick a man that she saw undergoing a kicking which she thought he had earned.


"Oh, now, Miss Jans!" said the old woman, sprawling like a great dog on the grass, "'twasn' 'bout de yallah strip for Sal, I didn' care; but jes' 'bout you' own se'f. I hard my old baas say (dat's you' fader), wid his own mouf 'fore he died, you shouldn' be tied to a stick or a stone; 'case you ain' a-goin' to be young all you' life, Miss Jansje dear. (I b'leeb I habbn' change much sunce I ben a woman; but dat ar ain't de way o' *mos'*.) What dat my ole bazin [mistress] say? Het schoonste bloem Verliezt haar roem. Now, dat dere Englis' baas, I kin see" —

Her mistress's anger was short-lived. Here she broke in, laughing: "Why, Nancy, you dear old foolish woman! — run away, run away now, and show Sal how to make that yellow katoene."

When Master William Satterlee, walking up Fort Street, came over against where Janet stood, he was aware of her (if, indeed, he was not sooner), and, uncovering himself, greeted her with a mellow voice. It may have been that, if one had closely conned the school-master's house, he might have seen a face, or eyes and nose, somewhere protruding to watch ; but we doubt whether any one bethought himself to look.

It would not have been hard to see two black faces in Janet's own house, turned from different points upon the scene.

Janet, who plainly had not seen the young man until startled by his voice, was for an instant thrown into confusion, but answered his greeting quietly and courteously. As he began to come across the way, she left her place, but — gathering, here and there, flowers — drew near the gate on the other street, and at that he presently showed himself. She kept on gathering or seeking flowers ; and why not as prettily as Persephone, or any maiden of the Enchanted Valley?



She could, of course, have gone into the house, but had not gone: he might, of course, have gone beyond the gate, but had stopped, and here they were. If she was not high-born, she was of good stock, and was of pure and kindly maiden fame; and this young tradesman, though no king in disguise, was a true-hearted, manly fellow: is not the dealing of such hearts as these two have better worth following than of base and bad and tricky? Let the reader think so.

The case was not a case of simple love-making between true lovers. There, to be sure, each side is fearful and hopeful and wishful, ashamed of itself, and setting up the other side above all costliness: each knows pretty thoroughly that the greater part of the world is behind some wall, listening to every thing and peeping at every thing, and almost sure at some unlucky time to snatch the other dear, dear, dear (thrice dear) side back, beyond reach or recall; but, then, there is all the priceless uncertainty, wherein hoping, wishing, fearing, blow like winds from several points of compass (we hardly

care which blows, so one be blowing) in a sea in which lie all rich islands of the sun. Here, the maiden was thought by everybody to be in some sort bound, though everybody believed that she had a full right to be free, and every one wished well to the young Englishman's courting; and the maiden herself, being good and true, and seeming somehow bound, even if not truly bound, to a lumpish, hulky, slow-blooded wise-acre who had had a claim upon her, which ought now to be worthless, must, before she will feel herself free, have an understanding with him, and drop him so that he will know that he is dropped.

Wondrously bashful was the young seaman-cabinet-maker (shrine-making, the Dutch call his craft), wondrously bashful in Janet Sickels's presence; and she, too, was not at her ease. To the true lover, as we all know, there is but one other in the world at such a time.

If Master William Satterlee was not better-looking than are many of his class, he was at least a very good specimen of it: of good size and shape, strong and supple, with a lithe body, a deft

hand, and a bright, ready wit in following out hints left by skilful workers in his craft ; with an intelligent, manly face, and a pleasant, manly voice : but, withal, this time and on his errand, now (in spite of any thing that her cousin, the ferry-master, might have told him) he seemed likely not to be well sped. We think we know what was in his heart, which, for the time, took up the whole of him : his whole heart craved one short chance to be near this Janet Sickels (who did not belong to any other, and who had a right to a good, manly, true-hearted lover, that could think of her and not of himself) ; a chance to see and hear her ; yes, and (just as he was) to be heard and seen by her, and to let her think what she might of him.

To this, one of his ways was to ask her to go out with him and her brother Derrick in the new wherry. Now everybody almost had seen this new wherry, and thought it a wonder of skill ; Janet herself, too, as she told him, had heard from Derrick that it was a beautiful boat, and yet it happened to be so that she could not very well go in it now ; some other time, perhaps,

she might. This, therefore, was settled against him. There are, at least, two points in a man's conscious life, at which he sees that Now is Eternity, reaching through all Past and all To-come; and those points are when there is present to the eye or to the ear the One whom he feels to be the only being in the world, and when there is present to the spirit (if we may say it here, in our little story, without harm) the One who Was and Is and Is-to-come, the Only Being. Our friend, William Satterlee, was struggling in the waves of one of these times. He tried for another very little thing, — to walk with her to farmer Wygandt's, but she had already promised to go with another, — undoubtedly that great stupid lump (as Satterlee might think him) who claimed to hold her hand, and might hope to die holding it.

Now, moved by some strongly stirring will within him, he called to his help the huge and mighty world outside of the one other being, and made as if he would leap into the midst of it and be gone. He asked whether, before he went back to the sea, he might hope to take

her and Derrick one row, some time, in the wherry.

This touch — of the great, unknown, dreadful, devouring sea — did change things for him. Janet was inland born and bred. She partly knew what sort of thing water was, from their own fair and smoothly gliding stream: which, when it was breaking up its ice, would go mad, and heave the huge cakes and lumps all over the neighboring fields; which had carried away John Wassell's water-mill and Peter Huisberg's wind-mill, and, in soft summer, had drawn the pretty Gerritt Tenbroeck to his death. Now, when it came to the sea, — the sea that was bigger than all the land, and was, the whole time, full of huge strength —

Then, too, she knew that all the wonderful, great towns, with all the best beauty and wealth and wisdom of the world, were built along the edge of the sea: to go back to the sea, was it not wilfully or unwillingly to be lost to the land?

She told him she thought the sea must be very wonderful, but it must be very dreadful, — to

climb up great mountains of water, and go down great deep dells, all made of water, with rocks in them and great fishes bigger than ships ; and then that great sickness of the sea, that lay in the way of all ship-farers ! She could not see how a mother, even if she had more than one child (Mistress Satterlee, as it happened, had three children), could let a son go to the sea ! But she supposed men would choose for themselves. She never knew any sea-faring man but that ship-master Bogardus (that brought those strange rain-screens and sun-screens to the Dominie and his wife, from some outlandish place) ; she heard him say that he had been to sea all his life, and was sick of it.

Now was Master Will Satterlee's chance ! (at least it seemed so) and so he said that some men had no choice left them. If they had no hope on land, why should they stay there ?

Now Satterlee (in sea-speech) got the wind abaft ; now (in sea-speech) he set every thing that would draw ; now (in our landward words) he got his tongue unloosed. How he swept over the face of the deep ! But how little he made

of whatever he had done and heard and seen ! He talked and talked ; and she listened and asked, until — until, perhaps, she bethought herself that she could not listen for ever.

At the end, she said, "I don't think you like that great sea much, Master Satterlee:" to which he answered, "Indeed, I'd never go again, if I had encouragement to stay ashore." — "I hope not," she said ; but that was all that she said.

Somehow, he got a promise that, if she should, by any chance, have no escort (but Miss Janet said that there was not the least chance), then William Satterlee should have the boon that he longed for. Here Miss Jannetje called her brother Derrick ; and, finding no answer, called again and again with a soft, maidenly voice, which ought to have brought anybody, "Derrick !"

This, William Satterlee modestly took for a hint that she had given him as much as she thought fitting of her time ; so, having taken off his hat, he was waiting only long enough to tell her a trifling piece of news. He had seen Derrick very early with another youngster, carrying wooden bars across their shoulders. She had

begun telling him in turn that Derrick had had a pile of those bars, which he said some nonsense about, — that “they were for the town,” — when both became aware of a little procession on the foot-path, through the grass by the fence, in Vandewater Street (or Melk-Steeg). The same two boys whom we met near the schoolmaster's, and to one of whom, by the name Derrick, the worthy pastor had given the fatherly rede and warning to “be always a good boy,” — these, together with other boys, were gravely (except for some whispering and nudging) attending the onderwijzer, or schoolmaster.

With the grieved look of one who is hurt in his feeling of right, he saw the Englishman and Janet, and strode loftily on.

“I hope to meet you by-and-by, as you bade me, Mister Schoolmaster,” Janet said kindly.

“M!” said the man of authority from among his boys dutifully attending him. William Satterlee smiled; and her eyes instantly turned to him.

Now, Janet in her turn looked hurt, as she saw the merriment about the Englishman's

mouth and eyes. In a moment, when she turned away to the house, with a red flush over her whole face, there was certainly a smile playing about her own lips.

At the landing, there was a busy time that morning. All the many floating things about which we saw the dusky and black owners chattering had been made or brought for use in going over to the other side. There was enough of bustle and merriment, we may believe. And how many the young blacks seemed, such a faculty they had of being in more than one place at once! The dresses that flitted about by the water-side were as bright and manifold (though somewhat cheap and flimsy), and were as fragrant, too, as if a field of wild flowers had been gifted with the power of walking, and were moving up and down and in and out there. Among these, Sal's "yellow strip" was as sunny as a patch of dandelion-blossoms or buttercups. The Dominie's Tom was much missed; but dandies and bucks and wits were not wanting, and Sal had her share.

Some white people were looking on, and some-

times laughing heartily when the fun ran high ; as when a natty young fellow, lord of a square-ended, queer-looking craft, had to settle the rival claims of two damsels, equally (and aggressively) willing to go in it ; or when another, less happy because he had nothing better than a rickety flooring of boards on ill-assorted logs, trying to show its steadiness to the bouncing and saucy beauties who were flaunting on the bank, was tipped from the edge of his unsafe footing into the river.

Now and then, there was a cry that the Dominie was going to be there, instead of Tom ; and there would be no liquor over at Pinkster Hollow.

The ferry-boat carried all the elder and more sedate.

The whites, for the most part, came later, when the merrier blacks had by one sort of carriage or other left the place empty. William Satterlee had seated himself, and was looking on, — waiting, perhaps, like the countryman by Horace's river, for that chance which, as he had been assured, could not come. He kept himself to him-

self very much, and let men and women (who, as they came to the landing, did not pass him by unseen) to go their own ways. He sat alone, waiting.

It will be remembered that the schoolmaster had made an appointment to meet Janet Sickels at the ferry; and, while the sun shone overhead and the birds sang, flitting from spray to fence, and from fence to spray, Miss Janet came walking maidenly down. Slowly she went, on her own side of the road, in front of the schoolmaster's house. There was no stir to be seen anywhere about that old-fashioned dwelling, whereon the lower shutters were closed, and at one of whose upper windows, which stood open, might be seen the schoolmaster's mother, dozing, with her chin upon her breast.

Miss Janet walked slowly and more slowly, and, looking across the street, saw of course this very unlively state of things. At the landing was William Satterlee, not looking up. Where was the schoolmaster, who had earlier in the day passed along in his proud walk by her gate, in the midst of his duteous boys, and whom she

had reminded of her promise to meet him at the ferry? She loitered. She could not take up time with laying her parasol against her knee to set its sticks right; for, leaving out that one brought from abroad by the shipmaster Bogardus, as a gift to Madam Van Schaats, such a thing had never been seen or heard of. To bend down and take up time with untying and tying over again the latchets of the shoes on her pretty feet was a thing that she could do; but it was too soon done. She rose again, with a flush in her cheek and a look of trouble, which certainly did not make her look less handsome or less lovely, but which did not help her to find the missing man.

There was Satterlee, just in her way to the ferry; but where, once more, was Schoolmaster Vorhagen, with whom, perhaps, she had some dealing to do that would touch more than one heart full of such blood as it had, thicker or thinner, stronger or weaker, warmer or colder? She turned and looked back. Happily, among the few voices to be heard and bodies to be seen on the thoroughfare were those of the Dominie and

Madam Van Schaats. Whether the Dominie saw her difficulty or not, he at once took her under his charge ; and, at the next moment, almost, two family wagons passing had room eagerly made in them for his whole party. From her seat (with some of the flush in her cheek) she bowed to William Satterlee, who happened to look up as the wagons drove by, carrying his chance with them.

Behind came Justice Beekman, on his gray, bowing graciously to both sides of him. Then Satterlee took his own wherry, and rowed down the river.

Farmers' times and some of their ways have changed little since the days of Noah. Joseph Wygandt's dinner was set for (not a wink later than) the nick of time at which the sun, having got to the top of the sky, should be looking straight down upon the new flooring of rough boards, laid on the beams in his new barn. Before then (beginning as early as they could), the neighbors were to have their sports, which were to have so good an influence on the doings of the blacks at Pinkster-Hollow, not far away. So

farmer Wygandt, good man, began to call with his great, lusty voice for the men to pitch the bar, and at the same time for his wife's cousin, Vorhagen, the schoolmaster, who for his learning was just the man to keep tally and record of the games; "for the games," as he said in Dutch, "must be done up in good shape."

As he spoke, a jargon and jangle and hubbub and uproar of sounds came over from the Hollow; in which medley, shouts, laughs, yells, cries, were all in the air at once, as all sorts of unmixing things are thrown aloft together by a blow-up of gas or gunpowder.

The solid, kindly Dominie comforted himself, saying to his wife, "How glad I am that Tom's away! he was always the leader.—He shall have some fun."

The schoolmaster, whom we saw walking stately by Janet's gate, and who was awaited near the ferry, did not come to the lusty call of his wife's cousin (who was said to have lent him money more than once, and once too often). The farmer was a man to do things handsomely, in his way.

"If we can't have the schoolmaster, who fitter than 'The Master's Wife'?" and he turned and bowed to the fair Janet, while a murmur of kindly applause showed that the general feeling was that their host had done the right thing handsomely.

"I know no harm is meant; but I have no claim to be called by any one's name but my own," Janet Sickels said, a little abashed, but with dignity. "If I can give any help, I will, and welcome."

"Right, Miss Jannetje!" said the burly farmer. "Vorhagen is my wife's cousin; but I wond" —

"My cousin, Miss Janet Sickels, for herself!" said the ferryman, "to give the prizes, and all the rest of it; and" (turning round, and stamping strongly) "may this be the last of this molewarp-noodle" (one word would not do for him) "Vorhagen's claim!"

A man was standing outside a little way, who seemed to be giving no heed to what went on. When the carpenter proved too tipsy to saw a piece of board for a tablet for the fair writer,

this man shoved him quietly aside, and, taking saw first and chisel next, shaped out very quickly a pretty bit of smooth, thin deal, that a lady might be willing to carry for a note-book. This he brought and presented, hat in hand, to the maiden.

"Well done for Master Willem Satterlee!" shouted the ferry-master again, and then, in a low voice which reached everybody near, "and may he give a good grip to the line that loose hand has dropped!" And at this the honest, burly cousin's husband laughed; and, slapping his neighbor (pretty heavily) on the back, said, "Het zij zoo! So be it, Peter! Good!"

"Give a crack or two like that to that school-master of yours," said Sickels, "(that's where they belong) and you'll finish him. Here! what's that fellow talking about the school-master, there? Now that we've done with him, we might as well know what's become of him."

There was a crowd of whites and blacks (little, open-mouthed, shiny-eyed blacks among them) almost splitting their sides with laughter. Peel after peel of merriment broke out, at some new

bit of drollery or wit of the man about whom they had gathered; for it would seem that at least some of the sun-swarthed people from the Hollow had come over, of themselves, to the healthy influence of the sports of the whites.

The man was in a nonsensical, trumped-up dress, was bent over nearly double, and had hair whiter than snow (though kinky as a Vermont Spanish ram's wool), and a face paler than any albino's ever was. On his nose was a pair of huge spectacles of paper or pasteboard. He had set up two little black boys in front of him, who could hardly stand, for laughing.

"Dey ben callin' fo' schoolmaster: I 'specs toder one busy in his school-house, so I sall hab to do de teachin' ober here," he said.

The farmer's guests had their time on their hands, being out for a holiday, and flocked grinning about him, while things were made ready for the sports. They politely made way for Janet Sickels and the rest of the ladies to have the best of the sight, and then questioned "whose that nigger was." The fellow himself was rollicking thoroughly in the saucy freedom of the day.

"Wha's de fus' prins'pl' nature, you small black lump?" he asked of one of his scholars; "setting him up" at the same time with a cuff on the cheek, as one of the farmers' wives might set up a pat of butter with a slap of the ladle.

"Schoolmaster, baas!" the little imp blurted out.

"Schoolmaster bery big, en schoolmaster bery good," said the teacher, solemnly; "but he ain' dis ting: de fus prins'pl' nature's *eatin'*. You right in you' prins'pls: you wrong in you' 'clusions, or sent'munts. 'Case you 'spec de master, you sha'n' go down."

In spite of uncouth dress and kinky hair and ghastly face, — and all the more droll because of these, — the likeness to Master Jacob Vorhagen (though not a word was said of him) was laughably strong. No one could help seeing it, and everybody seemed to find the fun good. It would not do to let the blacks go too far; but a great deal of freedom was given and taken at Pinkster.

One man, there, had a nicer feeling.

"The schoolmaster may be what he will,"

Satterlee said in English to a neighbor ; " but, if Miss Janet Sickels has let him pay attentions to her, it's an insult to her to make fun of him. You see she 's going away."

" You 're right," said the ferry-master, Sickels ; " but I think I know this fellow. He 's running the risk of the whipping-post, now. I shouldn't want to see him get into much trouble : he isn't a bad nigger, and the schoolmaster 's an ass ! "

Dominie Van Schaats was coming along, with his face like the sun, and no more spying out of the way and into nooks than the sun looks round corners. Justice Beekman had been standing among the laughers, but had just been saying, " Yes, — well, now ! " as if he thought the thing had gone far enough. Justice Beekman had about him that good thing to have, his presence of mind. He saw the Dominie, and opened a way for him through the ring.

" Dere 's a bery 'spectable gen'man comin' ! " said the sham teacher, seeing the Dominie through the opening : " I don' wan' to stan' in his way ! "

" You, Tom ! " said the " respectable gentle-

man," "here, sirrah! I shall have something to say to you. What have you done with the horse?"

"We can clap him straight in the lockup," said the justice.

"Looks like dat boy want a good dustin'," said a wench wearing a yellow strip with red roses on it.

If to a crow caught by the foot, its black fellows gather from we-can't-see-where, in an instant, thicker than whortleberries in a pudding, with like speed the blacks gathered to Tom, almost before the assurance that "the horse was happy, eating his belly full of oats," was well out from between the whitened black man's lips.

"What are you doing here, you bad boy?" asked Tom's master, who had taken such pains to have him away.

"We fotch him, Baas Dom'nie!" cried an eager chorus of blacks: "we cotch him runnin' away wid dat horse; know'd you'd never sen' him, in dis worl', wid dat hoss, away off, Pinkster, Baas Doem'nie. We lef' de hoss eatin' mo'

oats den he can swallah, Doem'nie. An' we fotch dis boy, an' sot him right dere, Baas Doem'nie, tell we could git troo dis Pinkster " —

Tom's own story was entirely consistent with theirs.

"An' didn' I tell you, dat time, my baas sen' me wid dat hoss," Tom asked, "an' you wouldn' b'lieb'? Now, you jes' ahks him, — dat 's all!"

"Ef dat 's so, den we don' bery wrong, boys, — bery wrong!" said several blacks, solemnly, every one shaking his head, while some of the whites laughed; the speakers looking more and more solemn, and shaking their heads more foolishly, the more the others laughed. "Don' signify, but dat hoss mus' be brought to dis boy 'gin, same 's he was."

"I'll find my horse," said the Dominie, quietly. "Come, sirrah, and get off that flour!"

"Dere, now, Baas Doem'nie, dese 'ere niggers meant good a-stoppin' me," said Tom, who had most likely as much reason as any one to know what they meant, "on'y dey 's foolish."

"Bigger fools than ever you were, my boy, if they thought *that* story would go down," said Mr. Sickels, in a low voice, and laughing.

Black Tom had not emptied his cartridge-box.

"Well, now, baas, ef you doubt my word, you can jes' sen' ober toder side, an' see ef de schoolmas'r isn' keepin' school. Anyways, I hard so."

"If he's comfortable, we are," said Sickels; "and trully, as you say, the boys are not here!"

The sports went on, and the people gathered to them.

The reader must, in his mind, see Miss Janet Sickels in a carved old-country chair, mounted on a table covered with green boughs. If she climbed to this unwilling, she nevertheless looked handsome as she sat there.

If the reader thinks that now she had nothing to do but to make eyes at William Satterlee, he mistakes. She had not yet had that fatal walk with the cold, slow-blooded man, who doubtless still thought that she belonged to him, and no one who knew Janet would fear for any playing double by her. Moreover, Satterlee is too busy to be watching her glances: the truth is that he is winning new renown. Our friends, the farmers, slowly and wisely took their stand;

slowly and strongly swung the iron bar, and hurled it heavily ; and, after them, the sometime sailor hurled beyond any of them.

True it is, also, that Miss Janet must call out his name, and must give him the red ribbon. Then, for a standing leap, and for leaping with a run, when it got to the second, there was but one to try it with him, so far had he outdone every one in the first. Here was his name to be called twice again, and two green ribbons to be given to him by Janet Sickels, one after the other.

It was, perhaps, a little awkward for both sides ; but it was done. Now for the horseback races ! and here the farmers might well hope to have all to themselves. To everybody's joy, Dominie Van Schaats was on the field again, riding his own good horse, with Tom (very still) waiting upon him.

One piebald, two sorrels, a chestnut, and a bay were brought up. The two sorrels and the piebald, for one or other reason, fell out, and left the chestnut and the bay. The two were to run a straight race along the road, and across the ferry-track, — “ a measured mile.”

"If the Dominie and the squire would be so good as just to stand 'sidesmen,'" said the ferry-master, who had had a word or two with the very still Tom.

Very handsomely, the Dominie accepted. "He could not race himself; but he was willing to forward an honest run between his neighbors." The justice spoke as handsomely.

As soon as if it had been standing ready, the justice's gray was brought, and his master was on his back. Then the two dignitaries were set at each side of the road, and there they sat, as solemn and still, at each side of the way, as Mr. Layard's lions at Nineveh. They were not to stir; and there was Tom holding the Dominie's steed by the head, and Mr. Sickels, Justice Beekman's. Now, between them the two racers were dressed, neck and neck. The two held horses were restless; and Tom modestly advised the dignified riders to hold an easy rein, but to keep a steady seat.

At the word "Af!" Tom loosed his hold; Mr. Sickels did the same; but instead of the side horses standing still, away they went, bear-

ing the Dominie and the justice, as fast as any. It looked as if the dignified "sidesmen" meant to see the thing through.

"Ki!" shouted Tom, clapping his hands. "See dat! — Ki! Ki!" And he followed along the road, as did almost everybody, as fast as they could go, to see what was to happen. It was a wondrous sight to see the pastor and the justice going off in cocked hat and wig and broadcloth! Away the four horses flew! The solid ground thundered under them. Dirt and gravel, water and mud, were scattered and splattered. With elbows flapping, and bodies swaying, and one hat after another going off, the farmers rode amain. Off went the justice's cocked hat! the justice's wig! the pastor's cocked hat! Coats fluttered as if they were trying to get off. On went the riders, staying no more than the dashing steamer or the rushing engine for its sparks or cinders.

Breathless, the crowd tugged after them along the road; and footmen raced with footmen.

"Twopence for Justice Beekman!" shouted Sickels. "Go it, Squire!"

Good people picked up the scattered bits of the outward men, and hurried after the owners.

"Doem'nie! Doem'nie! Doem'nie, foreber!" shouted Tom, who was as full of the race as the very horses themselves. A good many stopped and slapped their knees, and could not hold themselves for laughing. Women, mostly were wondering.

Madam Van Schaats, having taken it all in, burst into most hearty laughter. "The Dominie will show them the way, and lead them in it," she said.

The farmers lost ground! the justice gained! the pastor gained! "Ki!" shrieked Tom. "Go it! Go it!" shouted the ferryman and others.

The barn (half way) was passed. The Dominie and the justice were ahead: the chestnut led the bay. The Dominie and the justice were on the little bridge together. "Doem'nie! Doem'nie!" shouted Tom: "see dat! Ki!"

On went everybody: a long way ahead the two dignitaries; next, straggling, the farmers; and, scattered along the road, but doing their utmost, all sorts of people, shouting, laughing, tearing on.

Far on ahead, the pastor crossed the ferry-track with the justice after him.

"Doem'nie beat!" said Tom, "Doem'nie beat!" when the pastor crossed the line as straight as if he meant it, followed by the justice, and both reined up and turned back. Tom flung his hat first, and then himself, on the ground. "Dat's what comes o' habin' a hoss trained, an' all ready! What I tell Baas Sickels toder day 'bout dis race?"

The two dignified racers rode back, hatless, hot, breathless, with neckerchiefs awry and laces crumpled, but smiling, while everybody was trying to hold in his laughter.

Some boys had, when the trampling rush went by, come out on the wall of shrubbery that edged the road near the ferry-track, as beads of dew on a pitcher. These boys followed at a distance, and loitered, as the riders came back, and refitted themselves, and explained, and were congratulated.

"Here's a boy wants to know if you were *riding after the schoolmaster!*" Mr. Sickels said, after helping to fit up again the partly dis-

mantled horsemen ; " but I tell him you were running a fair race, without stakes."

The justice, who, as we have said, kept his readiness about him, was struck by something in the boy's look, and by the words. " Where is the schoolmaster ? " he asked.

" In the school-house," the boy answered, looking frightened. The other boys began to whimper. " He 's shut up in the school-house," they said.

At this the justice and the mounted farmers, who had come up, left the talk of the race and hurried across the ferry. The Dominie took Derrick Sickels first by the hand, and then in front of him on his horse, and heard his story. It was this : —

The schoolmaster, walking on from Janet Sickels's, that morning, with his boys, went by the constable's, and nodded graciously to that man of little tallness but strong soul. The constable sat solemn, with his hat drawn down low over one eye, and was trying to keep his staff upright beside him ; for, somehow, do what he would, its gilded crown was ever toppling over.

Through the window his wife was seen moody and glum ; while he, from time to time, sipped from a flask.

The schoolmaster walked on proudly ; wishing that "Madam Van Schaats might come by the school," for Derrick's voice and other voices assured him that the scholars would all come cheerfully, because they knew that he wanted to keep the school on the feestdage, and (as they said, smiling) he could not do that without the boys. So, with a kind authority and dutiful respect, — behavior on each side most fitting and becoming, — they moved on, a mild sun with an orderly system of satellites.

The school-house of that day, among our Dutch foregoers, who, like all freemen, loved the teaching of youth, was, if not the showy thing of to-day, a seemly building, well kept up. That in which Meester Jacob Vorhagen held his sway stood in an open plot, with a very sharp gable, and a window and door, turned toward the grassy street or road ; with two windows on a side, and a great square stone chimney going up outside of the back gable and above

its peak. As the master, with his boys, drew near, one of the lesser ones, prompted by Derrick, went up to the teacher, and bashfully uttered a wish to let "his Worship" in, if "his Worship" would please to let him have the key.

This again touched a tender place in the wise man's side.

"And so mannerly, too!" he said, handing to the well-spoken urchin a key as big as ever Saint Peter's was, and which the little fellow, after heaving it up, could not turn in the lock, till another one or two — chiefly Derrick Sickels — came to help him. The boys made a lane to the door, and doffed their hats.

The eyes of the Schoolmeester Vorhagen, which we have ere now seen peering over his glasses toward the landing, and over the fence at Janet and Satterlee, may not have been very quick, but they could not be so slow as not to see very remarkable changes in the well-known things about his own school-house. A stout wooden bar across the window-shutters on the street (for shutters in those days always closed the windows) drew the teacher's eyes; and

Derrick modestly explained that the town put that for safety, because of the big Indian, Kooskanagheras. He himself would gladly go in first to open the shutters, but he did not like to go into the dark. This gave a chance for a wise and profitable saying, —

“There is no darkness to be feared, my son, but darkness of the understanding; but I don't see what the Indian would do with the school-house!” And, saying this, the giver of light (like the other luminary, to which we have likened him, going into a cloud) went into the dark building, which closed instantly upon him with a bang of its heavy door.

There was among the boys a general flinging of hats at each other, together with dancing, and falling on the ground and kicking of the heels in the air. So did the little Dutchmen in America, nearly a century and a half ago, after seeing their schoolmaster locked in.

In a moment later, Derrick Sickels had told the grave constable Hagadorn that the big marauding Indian, Kooskanagheras, was safely locked and barred within the school-house, and that

doughty man had called, with a thick voice and very dull eyes and unsteady standing, upon his wife, in nothing less than "King's name" (we shall not try to give a tipsy man's gibberish), for his "donderbus, loaded — primed ;" and the wife, without a word, was obeying the command of her boozy lord. There was no talk, in that day, of "conjugal parity" and things of that sort. The boy looked on with awe.

"There," said the wife, putting the loaded gun into his hands, "don't hurt yourself, and I don't believe you 'll hurt anybody else !"

The constable set out, bearing his blunderbuss under one arm and his staff under the other. Before long, he had left this latter weapon on the road, with a stern command to the boys to bring it after him. By the time he had got to the school-house and had set up his staff "in — King's — Majesty's name," he could not, stupid as he was, but hear a good deal of noise making on the inside ; such as a shaking of the door and a kicking against it.

"Stil, daar !" he cried, not very plainly, but fiercely ; at the same time clumsily drawing aside

from the range of the door. Leaning against the house wall, he began again a thick and crowded utterance, in which might be heard and understood, "break — King's — Majesty's jail — shoot — dead ! — tell " (here he sat down and pondered for a while) — " tell — worshipful jus' — everybody — injuns ! — soldiers ! " (this last word implying, perhaps, a need of the garrison of Fort York).

" Constable Hagadorn, how can you let them make such a fool of you ? " cried a voice from one within, who had found out what it was to be made a greater fool of. " I 'm de Heer School-meester — de Heer Vorhagen."

The words came slowly from the constable in answer, but they were pretty strong words when they had got out. First a thunderous muttering, and then, — " Savage — impudence ! " then, what could be made in honest Dutch, " powder in the pan ! powder is in the pan ! " *

" Don't kill him, Mr. Constable ! " the boys said in loud voices ; and a corresponding silence fell upon the school-house.

* De kruid is op de pan ! mijn wilde [savage] vriend !

The constable, to the wonder and affright of his young allies, performed a good many strange evolutions, before settling down into the normal sleep of an old-time constable on his post. He took off his hat and set it on more fiercely, and hindside before ; he put his staff of office to his shoulder, and tried to snap a lock, as if to see if it was loaded ; he set his blunderbuss sternly up on its muzzle, and tried to stamp on it when it fell over : in short, he frightened the boys, — some of them into running off, and the rest into going behind trees and fences, or looking round the corners of the school-house.

Meantime, broken sounds of merriment came up from one place and another (this was Pinkster-Monday), showing that the day was going on, and drawing toward the jollity of the afternoon. In the neighborhood of the school-house, the only grown-up person to be seen, beside the constable guarding his prisoner, was the constable's wife, who, smoking a calm pipe, with her elbows on the fence-rail, was looking from afar on her husband's antics in silent scorn. The constable stumbled round the sides of the barri-

caded house, fumbling as well as he could at the wooden bars outside the shutters. All was still within the fortress.

He had not yet ended his clumsy round, when there came a most unlooked-for change heralded by a shout of such of the boys as still hovered about, who now all flocked together in the street. Constable Hagadorn stopped his round of inspection, and, after stupidly looking in all directions but the right one, at length saw what the boys saw, — a sorry, soiled, and draggled being, whose grimy face rose above the chimney-top like the sun in an eclipse, and was still going higher.

The boys tried to run behind the constable, but were too many to be hid by any such shelter; and, for the man himself, one look at this strange and fearful sight was enough. He reeled to the doorway; took up first his staff; then, flinging that to the ground, seized his gun, and, taking stand (by no means a steady one), brought the weapon to his shoulder. Though drunk, he could do that.

“Hagadorn, beware!” cried a voice from the sorry face. “Good friend!” —

Bang! went the blunderbuss; and, with a cry of "Murder!" the face and figure disappeared. A small stone from the chimney-coping, thrown off at the same time, rattled to the ground. "Dead!" said Hagadorn, solemnly.

The boys, as will be believed, ran off, with faces pale with fright; the constable, dropping the weapon which had now done its duty, went and sat down and pondered, as before. His wife, drawn by the noise, with a very moderate speed, as fearing nothing, came, and with pipe in hand surveyed the scene. The gun lay where it fell; its owner was sinking into a drunken sleep; no boys or other living beings were to be seen. Without troubling herself about the beleaguered school-house, which was standing in utter stillness in the sunshine of the bright day, she gathered up the gun, and, tucking it under her arm, went home again. If the house was a great tomb over the murdered body of its master, she plainly had no thought of it. Now, we have come to the point at which the justice and the rest are at hand.

Boy after boy might have gone through Van-

dewater Street, without being remarked, more than flitting birds; but when it came to the riding of Hendrick Beekman, Esquire, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace in and for the county, attended by several substantial citizens, this was another thing. Whatever of men and women were in the street came forth and followed to the school-house; among them Mistress Wessell Hagadorn.

At the school-house, they all stopped; and an examination of the premises was at once begun. The key was not in the door. The bars, screwed on over the shutters, were looked at and commented upon with a great deal of wonder and not a little wisdom. Master William Satterlee examined with the rest, and said nothing: he nodded his head to a pair of boy's eyes peeping through the fence across the road, and the eyes immediately went out of sight. Without loss of time, Satterlee began to take off a bar.

The justice, after shaking his head over poor Wessell Hagadorn, and calling him by title and name without answer, and stirring him with his constable's staff without waking him, called for

"a few pails of water." Boys, who had been scarce before, now swarmed like flies ; and as many buckets of water as the neighborhood would furnish came, as if they were coming to an old-time fire.

The constable, by the order of the justice, was laid down on his back, like a log. His wife never tried to hinder ; but, like a thrifty woman, whipped off his doublet and shoes. The school-house-key fell out of a pocket.

"Water him well !" said the justice ; "but let some man see that it be done wisely, not to harm him. I don't believe that drink paid the king's excise."

Before the words were spoken, the honest water splashed (hissing, it seemed, almost) from Hagadorn's fiery face ; and so another and another bucketful.

The justice, taking the key, went in ; while the wife thoughtfully assured him that the gun had been loaded without ball.

The boys were busy with their cheerful work, and life had begun to stir the constable's stupid lids and lubberly legs and arms, when sud-

denly an industrious boy—namely, Derrick Sickels—found himself heaved up into the air, and thrust headforemost, spluttering, into a full bucket of water. A roar and shouts of laughter followed.

Like a ghost, the Master Vorhagen, with sooty face and shaggy hair and eyes, glaring through a face as dark as any Indian's (even Kooskanagheras's), had come out through the opened window, and put his whole strength into this deed of retribution.

The justice sought for information.

"Ask those thankless boys!" said their aggrieved teacher, and strode away.

All the people from the other side were gathering fast (for news goes like the wind); and a crowd met the found man, face to face. At first, they stared; then, seeing how it was, began to laugh.

"Shall I walk with you home?" said Satterlee.

"Make way! make way, friends, will you?"

"No! You'd best walk home with Janet Sickels!" the schoolmaster hurled back to him.

Janet had come, among the rest, and was

turning kindly to him, when this speech sent her away, with a deep blush.

"I know what 'll make him feel better," said Peter Sickels, following the schoolmaster quietly, a little way behind, until they were out of sight.

The neighbors, many of them, were still standing (as neighbors stand and talk) about the school-house. The constable had got home, having scornfully cast off any help from his wife, when the ferryman came back and joined his cousin Janet in her yard (she was in some way busy with her flowers); and the justice and the Dominie, lifting the latch of the gate, came in to them, having tied their now-famous horses.

"Nothing secret from you, gentlemen," the ferry-master said. "Our friend Vorhagen has got a loan of his five English pounds; and he says he will surely go off to his brother."

The gentlemen looked at one another, and waited to know more.

"I told him the person I was acting for didn't want papers" —

"Ha!" said the justice.

"Ho, ho!" said the pastor.

"But I was witness, and his mother was witness, to the loan" —

"Oh, he might have it for a gift," said Janet.

"So, if he came back to this place — 'Small recompense for blighted affections,' he began to say" —

"Oh, dear, if it's come to that!" said Dominie Van Schaats, laughing. "Good day, Miss Janet! Good day, neighbor! We must account for ourselves to our friend Wygandt; and I shan't wonder if that young man, Satterlee, wins a better prize than any he's got yet, from Janet's hand."

So saying, with the justice, who bowed himself away at the same time, he rode off, leaving Janet Sickels with a lovelier flush than any among her flowers.

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